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THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

If Little, the chief engineer, had only been kind enough to die on the passage home, blame might very well have been piled on his absent shoulders. But Mr. Little had recovered. He had not only sloughed off his madness, but had turned very shrewd and sane, and (somewhat naturally), was prepared to fight tooth and nail for the retention of his own chief's certificate.

"Say a word against me," said Mr. Little, "and I'll swear an affidavit I told the Old Man in Vera Cruz we'd only coal enough to carry us to mid-ocean, and he was too blind to care. Yes, and I can bring witnesses to prove it. You can bet the hands hate the mate enough to swear to anything he dislikes, after the way he's driven them."

Mr. Kettle recognized the soundness of the argument. There remained then the alternative of profession-al ruin for either Captain Farnish or himself, and what his superior offi-cer expected of him was clear enough.

"... If you want to slip ashore before we dock, that'll be all right. ..."

It was frankly selfish, of course, but then, after all, self-preservation is the first law of mercantile marine officers (as it is of nature), especially as the officers are married and have families and no means. As a clench-ing argument, Mrs. Farnish's last words to Mr. Kettle as he left the home where he had been brought up, leaped back to his memory:

"Owen, boy, you'll look after my old man."

Of course there was Miss Chester-man. Once professional ruin over-took him, he was quite of opinion that his little romance with her would come to an undignified end. He was certainly very much in love with him at that period and though he tried to persuade himself that he was in love with her, I do not think that his feeling ever amounted to that. He was a good deal dazzled by her charm, and he was certainly flat-tered by her preference, and (in his turn) imagined that she was attract-ed by his rapid rise in his own pro-fession and the prospect that he would, with luck, be presently stand-ing on the upper bridge of a steamer as full-fledged shipmaster. Mr. Ket-tle, the mate, had a full idea of the importance of the Captain Kettle that was to be in the future.

So, if he made himself scapegoat, it must be an understood thing that all his pretensions to the hand of Miss Violet Chesterman must vanish at once. And all (his demon suggest-ed to him) for the sake of an injunc-tion laid on him by that uninteresting old woman, Mrs. Saturday Farnish. Mr. Kettle laughed grimly to himself: "The old dear has it easily, of course."

Thereafter he made rapid prepara-tion. His clothes, and the poor con-tents of his room, he packed into a tin trunk and an antique portman-teau, and addressed care of Mrs. S. Farnish at an unfashionable terrace in Birkenhead. He strapped on a money belt, and in it stowed the bulk of his capital, namely, three pound ten in gold, distributing what remain-ed of 16 and twopence in his waist-coat pockets; he slipped the German captain's revolver—that spolia opima—into a back pocket, where it nestled very kindly—and, after an effort in arithmetic, he inclosed nine and six-pence in an envelope addressed to the chief steward in payment of his beer and tobacco account for the voyage.

His method of getting into a shore boat was masterly in its simplicity. He went into the wheel engine house, waited his opportunity, and then clapped a heavy spanner in between the helical cogs of the drive. The sturdy little engines hiccoughed and stopped, and the helm (which was hard over at the time) caused the Norman Towers to make a most alarming sheer across the fairway.

On the upper bridge the Point Lynas pilot in a panic rang his main engines to "full speed astern," and the Norman Towers shivered and lurched herself to a sudden standstill in the middle of a lakelet of muddy foam. To her shot up a small open boat, under lug sail and jib, attracted by an arm wave from the mate. The two shabby men in her looked up keenly.

The Kettle, the mate, with a rope in his hand, clapped his feet against the ship's side, and ran down it nimb-ly to the boat, jumping on to her gunwale exactly as she rounded up alongside.

"You're nippy," said the shabby man at the tiller as he shot the boat into the wind.

"I am. Now, away with you ashore, my lad, and drop me at the nearest telegraph office."

"Got the price of your passage on you?"

"You can put it down to the firm. I guess it's for their benefit I hailed you."

"Seems to me there's trouble on board. The old junk don't steer. There's the Old Man on the top deck slaying down the time o' day to the pilot, and that bit of skirt on the poop's holdin' out beseechin' arms to some one in this boat that I don't think's me. Mister, by your leave, I'm going to run alongside again to see if the firm ashore will really O. K. your bus fare to that telegraph office, or if there's some one who'll give a bit to have you put back on board. Hi, mister, put that down."

Mr. Kettle, armed with a stretcher, was standing up in the boat. Said he: "If either of you two ducks don't carry out my orders exactly as they're given, I'll knock one or both of you overboard, and sail your rotten old tub myself. D'ye hear me?"

"I suppose I do."

"Say, 'sir,' when you're speaking to an officer. D'ye know your course, or shall I set it for you?"

"The ebb's making pretty hard still, but it'll be slack water before we're across" — mumble — mumble —"so I'd better take you on to Fos-ton, sir."

"Why there? It isn't the nearest."

Mr. Kettle noted that the man in the bows looked surprised.

"It's quickest, sir, with this wind and tide. Isn't it, Alfred?"

And Alfred, from the bows, glibly perjured himself, and said they'd be in at Foston telegraph office an hour earlier than they could reach any other.

Mr. Kettle did not believe them but he let it rest at that. After all, his telegram, which was merely a message announcing arrival to Mrs. Farnish, was of no vast importance, and so he set himself to smoking his pipe, and thinking gloomily over the mess he had made of the present, the definiteness with which he had lost Miss Chesterman, and the hash he had made of his future.

"They'll take away my new mas-ter's ticket, as sure as there are pips in little apples," he told himself, "and it's China seas for mine now, and a pig boat with a coolie crew and a yellow owner."

Night fell on the tawny Mersey and the ships' lights kindled in the purple pace, or swung rhythmically on a station. A wind from the north and east blew chill across the face of the waters, and the outgoing and incoming steam traffic hooted helm signals in 40 keys. The cool, damp, muddy river smell, with its tinge of sewage, came to him like an old friend.

"Rice, chopsticks, and pigtails for mine," Mr. Kettle reminded himself again. "But they say the Chinese girls are fine." And then, thumping the dewpocked gunwale with a hard fist—"No, I'm blowed if I do," he swore. "The beastly British Board of Trade shan't run me out my pro-fession, simply because I've done my duty in that state of life to which it pleased the Lord to call me. I'll win out in spite of all their teeth, and command British ships for white owners on the decent seas. And I'll marry—"

At that point, apparently from the parting of its halyards, the lug-sail descended suddenly and enveloped Mr. Kettle in its damp dew-sodden folds. The yard also hit him on the head, and for an instant he was driven below the gunwale level. But it took more than a trifle like that to knock a western ocean mate out of time. He was up again on the instant.

"You clumsy swine," he bawled from beneath his covering to the boatmen. "I'll teach you to rig a boat. Clear away this wreck!"

He sat up and the top of his head under the sail, showed as a round dome beneath the moonlight. On it, at the full strength of the steerman's arm, descended the oaken tiller, and Mr. Kettle subsided as a bull does when it is poleaxed.

Said Alfred, the shabby man in the bows, making no effort to move or help: "You've done it now, Arthur. When you signed to me to cut the hal-yards I never thought you meant murder."

"Murder be blowed," retorted his friend. "I doubt if I've put him to sleep for an hour. You'll see he'll wake up again in sixty minutes punctual to the clock and as full of ginger as he can stick. He's a hard case, mate, this one, if ever I saw such a fellow, and he'll carry a skull like a cannon-ball or he'd have had it fractured long before this. Now we'll just inspect his bank balance. To be true to his type he should carry the bulk of it in a money belt next the meat. Let's in-spect. There, didn't I tell you? And I'll just take the liberty of dropping this revolver over into the ditch. I don't fancy myself as a marksman.

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CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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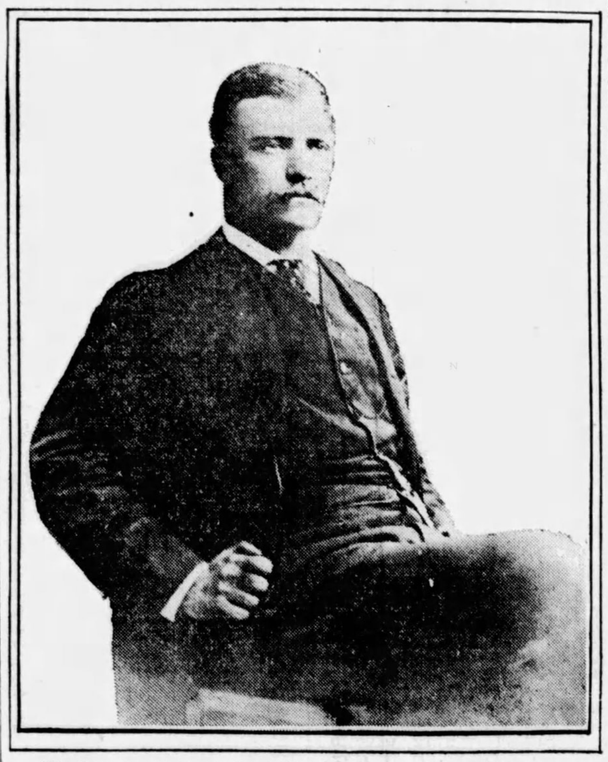
Fourth Installment.

In Early Manhood



Theodore Roosevelt at about the time he left Harvard University.

WHEN I was 14 years old, in the winter of '72 or '73, I visited Europe for the second time, and this trip formed a really useful part of my education. We went to Egypt, journeyed up the Nile, traveled through the Holy Land and part of Syria, visited Greece and Constantinople; and then we children spent the summer in a German family in Dresden. My first real collecting as a student of natural history was done in Egypt during this journey. By this time I had a good working knowledge of American bird life from the superficially scientific standpoint. I had no knowledge of the ornithology of Egypt, but I picked up in Cairo a book by an English clergyman, whose name I have now forgotten, who described a trip up the Nile, and in an appendix to his volume gave an account of his bird collection. I wish I could remember the name of the author now, for I owe that book very much. Without it I should have been collecting entirely in the dark, whereas with its aid I could generally find out what the birds were. My first knowledge of Latin was obtained by learning the scientific names of the birds and mammals which I collected and classified by the aid of such books as this one.

The birds I obtained up the Nile and in Palestine represented merely the usual boy's collection. Some years afterward I gave them, together with the other ornithological specimens I had gathered, to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and I think some of them also to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. I am told that the skins are to be found yet in both places and in other public collections. I doubt whether they have my original labels on them. With great pride the directors of the "Roosevelt Museum," consisting of myself and the two cousins aforesaid, had printed a set of Roosevelt Museum labels in pink ink, preliminary to what was regarded as my adventurous trip to Egypt. This bird-collecting gave what was really the chief zest of my Nile journey. I was old enough and had read enough to enjoy the temples and the desert scenery and the general feeling of romance; but this in time would have palled, if I had not also had the serious work of collecting and preparing my specimens. Doubtless the family had their moments of suffering—especially on one occasion when a well meaning maid extracted from my taxidermist's outfit the old toothbrush with which I put on the skins the arsenical soap necessary for their preservation, partially washed it and left it with the rest of my wash kit for my own personal use. I suppose that all growing boys tend to be grubby, but the ornithological small boy, or indeed the boy with the taste for natural history of any kind, is generally the very grubbiest of all. An added element in my case was the fact that while in Egypt I suddenly started to grow. As there were no tailors up the Nile, when I got back to Cairo I needed a new outfit. But there was one suit of clothes too good to throw away, which we kept for a "change," and which was known as my "Smike suit," because it left my wrists and ankles as bare as those of poor Smike himself.

When we reached Dresden we younger children were left to spend the summer in the house of Herr Minckwitz, a member of either the Municipal or the Saxon government—I Municipal or Saxon government — I have forgotten which. It was hoped that in this way we would acquire some knowledge of the German language and literature. They were the very kindest family imaginable. I shall never forget the unwearied patience of the two daughters. The father and mother, and a shy, thin, student cousin who was living in the studen cousin who was living in the flat, were no less kind. Whenever I could get out into the country I collected specimens industriously and enlivened the household with hedgehogs and other small beasts and reptiles which persisted in escaping from partially closed bureau drawers. The two sons were fascinating students from the University of Leipsic, both of them belonging to dueling corps, and much scarred in consequence. One, a famous swordsman, was called Der Rothe Herzog (the Red Duke), and the other was nicknamed Herr Nasehorn (Sir Rhinoceros) because the tip of his nose had been cut off in a duel and sewn on again. I learned a good deal of German here, in spite of myself, and above all I became fascinated with the Nibelungenlied. German prose never became really easy to me in the sense that French prose did, but for German poetry I cared as much as for English poetry. Above all, I gained an impression of the German people which I never got over. From that time to this it would have been quite impossible to make me feel that the Germans were really foreigners. The affection, the Gemuthlichkeit (a quality which cannot be exactly expressed by any single English word), the capacity for hard work, the sense of duty, the delight in studying literature and science, the pride in the new Germany, the more than kind and friendly interest in three strange children — all these manifestations of the German character and of German family life made a subconscious impression upon me which I did not in the least define at the time, but which is very vivid still 40 years later.

When I got back to America, at the age of 15, I began serious study to enter Harvard under Mr. Arthur Cutler, who later founded the Cutler School in New York. I could not go to school because I know so much less than most boys of my age in some subjects and so much more in others. In science and history and geography and in unexpected parts of German and French I was strong, but lamentably weak in Latin and Greek and mathematics. My grandfather had made his summer home in Oyster Bay a number of years before, and my father now made Oyster Bay the summer home of his family also. Along with my college preparatory studies I carried on the work of a practical student of natural history. I worked with greater industry than either intelligence or success, and made very few additions to the sum of human knowledge; but to this day certain obscure ornithological publications may be found in which are recorded such items as, for instance, that on one occasion a fish crow, and on another an Ipswich sparrow, were obtained by one Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., at Oyster Bay, on the shore of Long Island sound.

In the fall of 1876 I entered Harvard, graduating in 1880. I thoroughly enjoyed Harvard, and I am sure it did me good, but only in the general effect, for there was very little in my actual studies which helped me in after life. More than one of my own sons have already profited by their friendship with certain masters in school or college. I certainly profited by my friendship with one of my tutors, Mr. Cutler; and in Harvard I owed much to the professor of English, Mr. A. S. Hill. Doubtless through my own fault, I saw almost nothing of President Eliot and very little of the professors. I ought to have gained much more than I did gain from writing the themes and forensics. My failure to do so may have been partly due to my taking no interest in the subjects. Before I left Harvard I was already writing one or two chapters of a book I afterwards published on the naval war of 1812. These chapters were so dry that they would have made a dictionary seem light reading by comparison. Still, they represented purpose and serious interest on my part, not the perfunctory effort to do well enough to get a certain mark; and corrections of them by a skilled older man would have impressed me and have commanded my respectful attention. But I was not sufficiently developed to make myself take an intelligent interest in some of the subjects assigned me — the character of the Gracchi, for instance. A very clever and studious lad would no doubt have done so, but I personally did not grow up to this particular subject until a good many years later. The frigate and sloop actions between the American and British sea tigers of 1812 were much more within my grasp. I worked drearily at the Gracchi because I had to; my conscientious and much-to-be-pitied professor dragging me through the theme by main strength, with my feet firmly planted in dull and totally idea-proof resistance.

I had at the tme no idea of going into public life, and I never studied elocution or practiced debating. This was a loss to me in one way. In another way it was not. Personally I have not the slightest sympathy with debating contests in which each side is arbitrarily assigned a given proposition and told to maintain it without the least reference to whether those maintaining it believe in it or not. I know that under our system this is necessary for lawyers, but I emphatically disbelieve in it as regards general discussion of political, social and industrial matters. What we need is to turn out of our colleges young men with ardent convictions on the side of the right; not young men who can make a good argumet for either right or wrong as their interest bids them. The present method of carrying on debates on such subjects as "Our Colonial Policy," or "The Need of a Navy," or "The Proper Position of the Courts in Constitutional Questions," encourages precisely the wrong attitude among those who take part in them. There is no effort to instill sincerity and intensity of conviction. On the contrary, the net result is to make the contestants feel that their convictions have nothing to do with their arguments. I am sorry I did not study elocution in college; but I am exceedingly glad that I did not take part in the type of debate in which stress is laid, not upon getting a speaker to think rightly, but on getting him to talk glibly on the side to which he is assigned, without regard either to what his convictions are or to what they ought to be.

I was a reasonably good student in college, standing just within the first tenth of my class if I remember rightly; although I am not sure whether this means the tenth of the whole number that entered or of those that graduated. I was given a Phi Beta Kappa "key." My chief interests were scientific. When I entered college, I was devoted to out-of-doors natural history, and my ambition was to be a scientific man of the Audubon, or Wilson, or Baird, or Coues type—a man like Hart Merriam, or Frank Chapman, or Hornaday, today. My father had from the earliest days instilled into me the knowledge that I was to work and to make my own way in the world, and I had always supposed that that meant that I must enter business. But in my freshman year (he died when I was a sophaomore) he told me that if I wished to become a scientific man I could do so. He explained that I must be sure that I really intensely desired to do scientific work, because if I went into it I must make it a serious career; that he had made enough money to enable me to take up such a career and do non-remunerative work of value if I intended to do the very best work there was in me; but that I must not dream of taking it up as a dilettante. He also gave me a piece of advice that I have always remembered, namely, that, if I was not going to earn money, I must even things up by not spending it. As he expressed it, I had to keep the fraction constant, and if I was not able to increase the numerator, then I must reduce the denomiator. In other words, if I went into a scientific career, I must definitely abandon all thought of the enjoyment that could accompany a money-making career, and must find my pleasures elsewhere.

After this conversation I fully intended to make science my life-work. I did not, for the simple reason that at that time Harvard, and I suppose our other colleges, utterly ignored the possibilities of the faunal naturalist, the outdoor naturalist and observer of nature. They treated biology as purely a science of the laboratory and the microscope, a science whose adherents were to spend their time in the study of minute forms of marine life, or else in section cutting and the study of the tissues of the higher organisms under the microscope. This attitude was, no doubt, in part due to the fact that in most colleges then there was not always intelligent copying of what was done in the great German universities. The sound revolt against superficiality of study had been carried to an extreme; thoroughness in minutiae as the only end of study had been erected into a fetish. There was a total failure to understand the great variety of kinds of work that could be done by naturalists, including what could be done by outdoor naturalists—the kind of work which Hart Merriam and his assistants in the Biological Survey have carried to such a high degree of perfection as regards North American mammals. In the entirely proper desire to be thorough and to avoid slipshop methods, the tendency was to treat as not serious, as unscientific, any kind of work that was not carried on with labcrious minuteness in the laboratory. My taste was specialized in a totally different direction, and I had no more desire or ability to be a microscopist and section-cutter than to be a mathematician. Accordingly I abandoned all thought of becoming a scientist. Doubtless this meant that I really did not have the intense devotion to science which I thought I had; for, if I had possessed such devotion, I would have carved out a career for myself somehow without regard to discouragements.

As regards political ecnomy, I was of course, while in college, taught the laissez-faire doctrines—one of them being free trade—then accepted as canonical. Most American boys of my age were taught both by their surroundings and by their studies certain principles which were very valuable from the standpoint of National interest, and certain others which were very much the reverse. The political economists were not especially to blame for this; it was the general attitude of the writers who wrote for us of that generation. Take my beloved "Our Young Folks," the magazine of which I have already spoken, and which taught me much more than any of my text-books. Everything in this magazine instilled the individual virtues, and the necessity of character as the chief factor in any man's success—a teaching in which I now believe as sincerely as ever, for all the laws that the wit of man can devise will never make a man a worthy citizen unless he has self-reliance, energy, courage, the power of insisting on his own rights, and the sympathy that makes him regardful of the rights of others. All this individual morality I was taught by the books I read at home and the books I studied at Harvard. But there was almost no teaching of the need for collective action, and of the fact that in addition to, not as a substitute for, individual responsibility. Books such as Herbert Croly's "Promise of American Life" and Walter E. Weyl's "New Democracy" would generally at that time have been treated either as uninteligible or else as pure heresy.

The teaching which I received was genuinely democratic in one way. It was not so democratic in another. I grew into manhood thoroughly imbued with the feeling that a man must be respected for what he made of himself. But I had also, consciously socially and industrially pretty much ly or unconsciously, been taught that the whole duty of the man lay in thus making the best of himself; that he should be honest in his dealings with others and charitable in the old fashioned way to the unfortunate; but that it was no part of his business to join with others in trying to make things better for the many by curbing the abnormal and excessive development of individualism in a few. Now I do not mean that this training was by any means all bad. On the contrary, the insistence upon individual responsibility was, and is, and always will be, a prime necessity. Teaching of the kind I absorbed from both my textbooks and my surroundings is a healthy anti-scorbutic to the sentimentality which by complacently excusing the individual for all his shortcomings would finally hopelessly weaken the spring of moral purpose. It also keeps alive that virile vigor for the lack of which in the average individual no possible perfection of law or of community action can ever atone. But such teaching, if not corrected by other teaching, means acquiescence in a riot of lawless business individualism which would be quite as destructive to real civilization as the lawless military individualism of the Dark Ages. I left college and entered the big world owing more than I can express to the training I had received, especially in my own home; but with much else to learn if I were to become really fitted to do my part in the work that lay ahead for the generation of Americans to which I belonged.

HE COMES UP SMILING

By CHARLES SHERMAN.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Bartlett nodded agreement. "Why did you become a tramp?"

"Through inclination, not the whisky bottle. Not that I am above getting full once in a while, 'cause I ain't. Just, I'm not a drunkard. See? I didn't keep on losing jobs through drink and finally had to take to the road because I was a bum. I took to tramping because I hate to work. It takes too much of your time. An office is like a prison to me. A man loses his soul when he stays all day bent over a desk. He isn't a man. He's a sort of up-to-date pianola to a desk, that's all. There's a lot of things to think about that you can't in an office. I wanted to think and so I took to tramping. Besides, I don't like work."

"Lazy—"

"Yes," snapped the Watermelon, "but a man. I love your Billy—my Billy, and I can work for her."

Bartlett nodded indifferently, hardly hearing what the other said. He frowned thoughtfully at the floor as he pondered the situation. If he objected to the youth in Billy's presence, she would stand up for him, all her love would be aroused to arms and she would see no wrong in her hero. If the fellow snapped his fingers, she would run away with him. What did Billy, tender, gently-guarded Billy, know of tramps, of the rough, unhappy side of existence? Nothing. But if she caught a glimpse of it with her own eyes, saw this lover of hers in his true light, dirty, drunk, disreputable, the shock would kill her love utterly and Bartlett would not have to use that authority of his which was no authority, which Billy would refuse to obey. She had been free too long for any one to govern her now. The only person who could effectually break the unfortunate tangle was the Watermelon himself. Bartlett glanced at the gloomy face beside him and read it as he had grown used to reading men and events.

The Watermelon was young, hardly older than Billy; he was desperately in love, with a love that was pure and true and generous. He was thinking of Billy and not of himself. His opposition to Bartlett was merely the anger aroused by Bartlett's sneer. He was in reality filled with humility and repentance to a degree that he would do anything to kill the love Billy bore for him, knowing with his man's knowledge that he was not worthy of her, and longing with his youth and love to sacrifice himself for her best good, seeing through young, unhappy eyes, only the past, his own shame and profession. Forgetting the possibilities of the future, he had gone to the extreme of self-loathing. The one thing he saw was his past, that past that was wholly unfit for Billy. It blocked the entire view, crushed him with the weight of inexorable facts. To the young there are but two colors, black and white, and the Watermelon was very young. Bartlett looked at him keenly and decided that his plan would work, that he would not have to take a last desperate and ineffectual stand against Billy.

"See here. In August we are going on our place in Westhaven. It's a small town in this state, up the coast away north of Portland. Come to her there at the end of August, come as you are, a tramp, dirty, shabby, drunk—"

"I don't drink, not as the others do."

"Come drunk. Let her understand what being a tramp means, what your life has been. If she still wants you, I hardly see how I can stop her. That's only fair, for what does she know about you and your life? You know all about her, what she has done and been and is going to do. Leave her now, this evening. Go on being a tramp and then come to her, at the last of August. Come as a tramp, mind. Don't let her think that it is a test she is being put to or she will only laugh at it and us and go on wanting you just the same, scorning to be tested, to think that her love could fail. Give her some other excuse for your going. You must see that it is only fair to the little girl to let her see what she is up against."

"Yes, I see. I tried to tell her," agreed the Watermelon gloomily.

"If she loves you through it all, she can have you, and I suppose I will have to consent. I can afford a penniless son-in-law and I guess an American tramp is preferable to a European noble."

"I won't be penniless," said the Watermelon. "I could work like a nigger for a month and own forty dollars, thirty of which I would owe for board."

"That's just it," declared Bartlett promptly. "You can't support Billy in the way she is used to being supported. can't give her the things that have become necessities to her."

"I can support her in my own way," said the Watermelon, trying to reason down his own benumbing repentance and humiliation as well as to convince Bartlett of that which he himself knew to be all wrong.

"But that isn't Billy's way. You couldn't give her a servant, for instance, and servants to Billy are like chairs to some people, absolutely necessary."

"We love each other," said the Watermelon simply.

"That's all right. But you can't always be sure your love is like elastic and stretchable. Come as a tramp and I will give my consent. Bartlett grew bold, positively convinced that Billy could no longer care when she had once seen the drunken sot, promised as he had grown used to doing on the Street, to do that which he knew he would not have to do. "I will give my consent, if Billy still can care. I know that Billy would be a lot happier with my consent, too, than without it. For,

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Origin of the Early Christian Churches

Roman Herald.

ROME is said to have 918 churches and chapels. It is interesting to consider their origin and development, what manner of buildings the first churches were and how they came to acquire their present forms.

The first Christian meeting places were undoubtedly rooms in private houses such as the "upper room" where the disciples were assembled when our Lord appeared to them after his resurrection and a room in St. Paul's "own hired house" in Rome. So the earliest churches developed, not from the temple but from the room.

As the Numbers Grew.

At first the gatherings would be small and one room would easily hold all who came; then as Christianity spread and the numbers increased, the meeting would overflow into the inner court from which the principal rooms opened. One can imagine St. Paul seated in the central room with his intimate friends and followers grouped round him and the throng of listeners crowding round the wide doors.

Of the actual houses that developed into churches, we have several examples in Rome and they are among the oldest churches in the city. It was natural that the spot where an apostle had taught or where a martyr had lived should be consecrated as a place of worship. In no case, however, is the original house the actual church; the present buildings are built over the ancient house or on the site and at the most a room is incorporated as a chapel.

Over the Tomb of a Martyr.

Another frequent origin for the foundation of a church was the tomb of a martyr or the place of his martyrdom. This group comprises some of the most important churches in Rome, including St. Peters. The rule in building a church over a tomb was that the body of the saint should be under the high altar, and as it might not be moved, the church had to accommodate itself to the position of the tomb.

Yet another group of churches rose as memorial chapels on spots where some memorable event occurred, such as San Croce on Monte Mario, where Constantine saw the vision of the cross.

Other churches were developed from presbyteries. Early in the career of the church, presbyteries were established to help the ill and relieve the poor, generally in the house of a leading Christian.

NATIONAL CLEARING HOUSE

Correlation of Effort Necessary to Attain Success.

National Crop Improvement Service.

It is high time that the different forces working on the better country life, crop improvement and kindred subjects, should have a more efficent clearing house of information. There are workers enough, and money enough, to put the whole plan upon a business basis, but it seems that too many of the propagandists will not "play in the band" unless they can have a solo. We lack team work. Every man wants to make a touchdown, and then kick the goal, instead of working for success, shoulder to shoulder with all of the others who are engaged in the work.

In France in the last 20 years the births have been exceeded by the deaths six times.

Ring in the Larger Heart.

(By courtesy of the Macmillan Co., New York.)

(Tune: Ward (Lowell Mason)—L. M.)

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false phide in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

Abe Martin

Ther's jist enough whiskers in th' Wilson cabinet t' relieve th' monotony.

United States Largest Sugar Eating Land

The following additional data, relating principally to beet sugar, from the report by F. J. Sheridan, commercial agent of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, were given out by Secretary of Commerce William C. Redfield recently. This report was compiled under the general direction of the tariff board and was completed by Mr. Sheridan by direction of Secretary Redfield:

The United States is the largest sugar-consuming country in the world. It consumes annually almost one-fifth of the entire amount of sugar produced in the world. In 1909-10 it consumed 3,285,771 long tons, as compared with 1,707,956 tons by the United Kingdom, 1,199,389 tons by Russia, and 1,116,315 tons by Germany; all other countries consuming less than 1,000,000 tons each. The per capita consumption of the United States, in the same period was 79.9 pounds, which was the highest except that of the United Kingdom, which had an apparent per capita consumption of 86.49 pounds, due to the large amounts used in fruit canning and preserving for export.

In 1910-11 the world's production was 8,457,178 long tons of cane sugar and 8,982,220 long tons of beet sugar. Of a total world's production of 8,294,334 long tons of can sugar in 1909-10, the United States and its possessions produced 1,232,015 tons, and of these 335,000 tons were produced in Louisiana and Texas, 461,688 tons in Hawaii, 309,629 tons in Porto Rico, and 125,698 tons in the Philippines.

In 1910 over one-half of the world's sugar production came from the beet. Europe produced 90 per cent and the United States 9 per cent of the world's beet sugar crop. Europe produced 5,399,548 long tons of beet sugar and the United States 214,825 tons in 1903-4; and six years later, in 1909-10, Europe produced 5,864,047 and the United States 457,562 long tons, an increase in the period of 8.6 per cent for Europe and 113 per cent for the United States.

In 1903-4 there were 4,272,675 acres under cultivation in sugar beets in all of the countries of Europe and 370,984 acres in the United tSates. In 1910-11 the European area was 4,749,435 acres and that of the United States 420,262 acres, being an increase in the six years of 11.2 per cent for Europe and 13.3 per cent for the United States.

In Europe, in 1909-10, the highest production was in Denmark, with 12.9 short tons of beets per acre. The lowest production was in Russia, with 5.5 tons per acre.

In the United States, in 1909-10, the highest production was in Utah, with 14.54 tons of beets per acre, and the lowest in Michigan, with 7.31 tons per acre. Notwithstanding its low production per acre, Russia was first in number of acres in beets, with 1,374,269, and third in production of beet sugar, having 1,126,905 long tons in the same period. In 1910, Russia took second rank in sugar production.

California ranked first in the United States in 1909-10 in the average percentage of sugar extraction from the beet, based on weight, with 14.43 per cent, while Utah was lowest with 10.74 per cent.

In Europe, Russia ranked first in the same period, with 16.61 per cent and France lowest, with 12.70 per cent.

In pounds of sugar, per acre of beets, Utah ranked first in the United States in 1909-10, with 3,124 pounds per acre, and Michigan lowest, with 1,890 pounds. In Europe, Germany ranked first, with 3,912 pounds of sugar per acre in the same period and Russia lowest, with 1,836 pounds per acre.

The total imports of raw sugar into the United States in 1910 from foreign countries and from our insular possessions was 5,714,010,074 pounds, and of this 3,896,071,029 pounds, or 68.2 per cent, was dutiable; 1,817,939,045 pounds, or 31.8 per cent, came in free of duty. The value of the dutiable sugar was $99,839,264.98, and the revenue derived from it was $52,677,757.28. The average value of the dutiable sugar was 2.6 cents per pound.

Of imported refined sugar only 3,149,338 pounds were dutiable in 1910. Its average value per pound was 3.1 cents and the duty derived from it was $60,044.68; 37,242,300 pounds of refined sugar came in free in 1910.

FARMER NEEDS COUNTY AGENT

The farmer is like most business men in other lines. He has to be taught, solicited, canvassed and argued with before he can see the advantages of doing things right rather than wrong. He needs the kind of prodding given by the salesman who induces business men to buy an adding machine, typewriter, cash register, or to insure their lives, and to convince a man to do what he has long thought he would do some time. Therefore the county agent who undertakes this work of crop improvement will have to labor to induce his friends to do what they have long known they should have done.

The Working Man's Friend In Time of Sickness.

I am a blacksmith by trade and would like to say a word to all who have to work hard and suffer with their kidneys. I suffered for about ten years and was treated by a Waynesboro, Va., Doctor. He said I had Bright's Disease and that he had done all he could for me. I read about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and as I could hardly do a day's work, was willing to try anything that would do me any good. After taking Swamp-Root a few days I felt so much better that I continued until I felt that I was cured and I was altogether a new man. That was eight years ago and if I ever feel the least pain about my kidneys I just take a few doses of Swamp-Root and in a few days I am all right. I feel today that I am a well man and would say to all who suffer with their kidneys, take Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, for it has done more for me than all the doctors, and saved doctors' bills.

I can further say that about two years ago my son was sick in bed and was taking medicine from doctors and got worse all the time. I went in the night and got a fifty-cent bottle of Swamp-Root and told him to lay aside all the doctors' medicines and take Swamp-Root. He took six bottles and I am glad to say that he has not had any trouble with his kidneys since. It was Swamp-Root that cured him. My son now thinks that there is no medicine that a doctor can give that can compare with Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Very truly yours,

G. W. HARDING, Covington, Va.

Personally appeared before me this 8th day of March, 1912, G. W. Harding, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that same is true in substance and in fact.

Given under my hand this 8th day of March, 1912. B. H. PATTON,
Justice of the Peace.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

He Comes Up Smiling

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

though the modern child has no respect for her parent's authority, she likes to have her wedding peaceful and conventional."

"Can I say goodby to her?"

"Yes, but I trust you not to let her know that she is to be put to a test. If you love her, you can see that I am right."

"Yes," said the Watermelon, "I love her and will not let her know."

He straightened up and pushed his hat further back, with the slow, inbred languor of the thoroughly lazy man. "I love Billy, and that is why I consent. I tried to make her understand what I am, have been, but I couldn't." He took a handful of beans from a nearby barrel and let them run slowly through his fingers. "I suppose she will give me the double cross."

"I hope so," answered Bartlett. "I'm not very particular, but a tramp—"

"A gentleman pedestrian," suggested the Watermelon, with a faint flicker of his usual sublime arrogance.

Bartlett laughed and held out his hand. "Well, goodby. I've enjoyed the week immensely, for all this rotten ending. That ecury trick of yours—"

"Of yours," corrected the Watermelon.

"Yes, yes, I suppose so. I hope that Henrietta won't ever know. Do you think Billy does?"

"Billy isn't as simple as you think," returned the Watermelon.

"What did she say?"

"'Father suggested the trip and he telegraphed after dinner,' or something like that."

"You didn't tell her it was my plan?" begged Bartlett. "I have to go on living with her."

"No, I didn't tell her, but she's next to the fact."

"I will speak to her," said Bartlett hastily. "I wouldn't like Henrietta to find out about it. Billy has wanted a motor boat for some time. I may give her one."

They walked slowly toward the door and once more shook hands.

"I would gladly have given the thousands I have lost to have you Batchelor, boy," said Bartlett gently.

"Aw, thanks," said the Watermelon.

"Tell the others I will be around when I have sent another telegram."

The Watermelon found Billy sitting on the steps of the only hotel in town. It was a big, square, uncompromising affair, blank and unattractive, and, Billy, alone on the top step, looked somehow small and forlorn and childlike. The Watermelon sat down beside her.

"Where's Henrietta?" he asked, ignoring her eyes and the question they asked.

"Upstairs," said Billy, "fixing up." She raised her hands to her own soft hair and bit her lip to get up courage to voice the question her eyes had already asked.

"Where's the general?" asked the Watermelon.

Billy nodded backward. "In the office, trying to convert the landlord. The landlord's a Democrat, you know."

"Come and walk down the road with me a bit" asked the Watermelon. He rose and held out his hand to help her up.

Billy rose with a trembling laugh that failed miserably in its manifest attempt to be brave.

It was late afternoon, sweet and cool as they left the village behind. The deep quiet of the last of the day was over fields and woods and road, the heat and strenuous business of the morning done. Cows were slowly meandering acros sthe pastures to the familiar bars, empty teams rattled by on the way home, the driver humped contentedly over the reins, thinking of the day's bargains and of the supper waiting for him. The shadows were lengthening, long and graceful across the village green.

Neither Billy nor the Watermelon spoke until they had left the village some little way behind and had come to four cross-roads with the usual small dingy school house, door locked, dirty windows closed for the summer and shabby, faded blinds drawn.

Billy knew from the Watermelon's face that the interview with her father had been far from satisfactory. She feared that the Watermelon had not "stood up" for himself, that her speaking to her father that morning had not helped matters as she had hoped it would. She tried to think of something she could do to show him how she cared, so he would not think of leaving her. The Watermelon was silent, for, now that the hour of parting had come, he did not know what to say, could not bring himself to leave her, gay, foolish, light-hearted Billy.

He, however, was the first to speak. The school house recalled miserable days of long dull confinement, and he nodded toward it, pausing in the grass by the wayside. "A standing monument," said he, "to buried freedom."

"I never went to school," said Billy. "It must be awful."

"Awful," the Watermelon shrugged. "It's taken ten years from my life. Schools should be abolished."

They sat down on the tiny, weather-stained step, side by side, in the gathering dusk.

"Billy," began the Watermelon earnestly, and then stopped.

Poor little Billy's heart fluttered and she put her hand to her hair in her nervousness. "You know," she said firmly, irrelevantly, "I love you, Jerry."

"I know, dear," replied the Watermelon. "And I love you. No matter where I am, Billy, no matter what happens, you are the best in me and I will keep you best. I'm shiftless, lazy, no 'count, but Billy, kid, I'll always love you."

"And we will get married and live happily ever after," crooned Billy.

"I'm going away tonight, Billy, back to the road."

"Oh, Jerry, please, dear. If father knew how much I care—"

"No, Billy, your father's right. He said to give you time; for me to go away for a while and maybe you would get—over it."

"And if I did," demanded Billy, "if I loved another, wouldn't you be jealous? Wouldn't you kill that other, Jeroboam Martin?" She clenched her small fist and pounded him on the knee to emphasize the passion in her voice.

"If he were a decent chap—" stammered the Watermelon, "it would be better for you."

"It's terrible," interrupted Billy, "when the girl has to do all the loving." She pushed the hair out of her hot face and stared angrily before her, across the road.

"You only love me, but I love you. See the difference?" asked the Watermelon. "It's simply impossible for your love to be as great as ward, but the Watermelon did not trouble about such a thing. He began mine for that reason. Your father said I could come to you the last of August at Westhaven, and I'm coming, Billy."

"And then we can marry, did father say that?" asked Billy turning to him.

"If you care still," muttered the Watermelon.

"Care," Billy laughed the contrary to merry scorn. "Care? Why, Jeroboam Martin, when will I not care?"

The Watermelon flushed and rose as the wisest course under the circumstances. "I'm off. Say good-bye to the others for me, will you, Billy?"

"You will be my knight," whispered Billy. "And I will be your lady, and no knight ever went back on his lady yet, Jeroboam."

"You've got a darned poor knight," grunted the Watermelon. Suddenly he turned and caught her in his arms, dragging her to him and forcing her head back to see into her eyes. "Billy Billy," he cried, "will you be true to me, for ever and ever, no matter what happens, no matter what I do? Could you, will you love me always?"

"Always, always," whispered Billy.

"Dirty, drunk?"

"Dirty and drunk and sick and always," promised Billy. "Only you won't drink, because I love you."

"Love never yet stood between a man and the whisky bottle," sneered the Watermelon. "You don't know men kid."

He let her go and turned away with a shamed laugh. "Good-by, Billy."

"Good-by, Jerry," replied Billy, frightened at she knew not what, realizing that there were after all things in men's lives of which she knew nothing. She walked with him to the fence and watched him swing over it.

"Cross-cuts for me," he explained, holding out his hand. She placed hers in it and he crushed her small fingers until they hurt, then turning abruptly, left her there among the brambles, watching him across the bars.

CHAPTER XXIV.
The Poet or the Poodle.

The day was unusually hot for late August in Maine. The grass was brown and dry, the leaves hung limply on the trees and the dust in the roads was ankle deep. No breeze came from the sea, while the sails of the pleasure boats drooped in warm dejection. Everyone had sought shelter from the sun, and wharfs, streets and houses of the small seaport town appeared deserted.

Bartlett had taken himself to the dim seclusion of the house, where he lounged with windows opened, blinds drawn and a small table of cooling beverages near at hand. The heat, the drowsy, shrill hum of the crickets and the muffled roar of the sea had a soothing influence and Bartlett let his book fall from his hands and slept stretched at ease in the steamer chair. A door gently opening and softly shutting aroused him. He sat up, yawned and grunted.

"Hello," drawled a voice, slow, indifferent, familiar.

Bartlett recalled a week in June, when, with rare credulity, he had kidnaped a stranger and had discovered that he had been the one in truth to be kidnaped. He turned his head and saw the Watermelon crossing the room. He knew that it was the boy by the size of the shoulders and the grace of the long limbs, but the thin, good-natured face was covered with a month's growth of light hair, the brown suit with the pale green stripe was a suit no longer, merely a bundle of rags. The shirt was opened at the throat without a tie or button, while the panama was shapeless and colorless, but worn with the same familiar jaunty ease.

"Ah," said Bartlett. "Jereboam Martin."

He smiled as one who meets an old and congenial friend, for Jeroboam Martin had shown a fine capability for getting out of a tight place and carrying through a desired project with success and nerve, and Bartlett had grown to like the lad.

"Am I bum enough?" asked the Watermelon, with no answering smile. When one has come to test love, life is too grim for smiles.

"You are fairly dirty and shabby," agreed Bartlett. "You look thin."

"I have had hard luck," said the Watermelon. "How's Billy?"

"Pretty well, thanks."

"Expecting me?" asked the Watermelon, taking off his hat and gently patting back his hair as he had a way of doing.

Bartlett nodded. "Yes, but not exactly as you are."

"It's tough on the little girl," muttered the Watermelon. He sank into a chair and stretched out his long legs with the weather-stained trousers and dirty, broken shoes. "Oh, mama, I'm tired. Been hoofing it since sun-up yesterday with hardly a stop, I wanted to see the kid so."

"Well, go and get drunk," returned Bartlett. "And then you can see her."

The Watermelon frowned. "See here, I don't drink, necessarily. "I'm not a brand to be plucked from the burning, a sheep strayed from the fold. The whisky bottle wasn't my undoing and didn't make me take to the highway. I'm not fallen. I was always down, I guess. I hate work; I hate worry and trouble, slaving like a Swede all day for just enough money to be an ever lastingly cheap guy. I like leisure and time to develop my own soul." He waved his hand in airy imitation of James.

"That's all right," said Bartlett. "But get drunk. If she can stand you soused she can stand you sober. She has got to know what she is getting, if she decides to take you after all."

The Watermelon's face grew a bit whiter under the tan and beard. He shrugged hopelessly and rose. "All right, if you say so. I hope to hell it will kill her love on the spot and she won't suffer for it afterward. I suppose it will." He started for the door and paused, one hand on the knob. "Shall I have it on you?" he asked with a smile. "I'm broke."

Bartlett tossed him a bill. "Is that enough?"

"Yes," said the Watermelon, and slipped it into his pocket.

"Have one with me before you go," said Bartlett, pushing a glass and the bottle across the table.

(To Be Continued.)

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

I am a subscribed to your valuable paper. I am interested in raising ginseng, and am having trouble with groundmoles. Will you kindly tell me through the question bureau how to get rid of them?—F., Sutton, W. Va.

It would be gratified to have some one tell me what is wrong with my chickens. I have a flock of two dozen hens in a yard 30 x 60 feet, and house 14 x 16, and nearly all winter they have plucked the feathers off each other and eaten them. Some are almost bare.—W., Clarksburg, W. Va.

My 5-year-ld horse commenced cribbing a couple of months ago. Will somebody tell me the cause and suggest a cure for cribbing?—C., South Fork, Pa.

Many Valuable Answers.

Mrs. Chas. Cross, Sextonville, Wis., has kindly sent answers to many questions that have appeared in these columns recently. They are printed below, dircted to the person who asked them:

T., Bronson, Mich—For blackhead in turkeys catch each affected bird, give a one gr. quinine capsule once a day for one week at least. Dissolve enough permanganate of potash in their drinking water to make it a light purple and give no other water. Give a mash composed of bran or middlings with a little oil meal and salt and black pepper. Disinfect sleeping quarters and feed on clean ground.

M., Toronto, Ohio—Too many males with the flock is usually the cause of broken feathers and sore backs. One male for 20 to 25 hens of the Mediterranean breeds and one for 12 to 15 hens of Asiatic and American breeds is sufficient to insure eggs hatching well.

Mrs. H., Friars Hill, W. Va.—Put one teaspoonful of muriatic acid in each quart of drinking water for chickens and turkeys. It is evident your birds have been over fed on fat-producing grains and have not had enough exercise. Feed grain in straw or deep litter to induce them to work. Give plenty of grit.

W. Camben, Ohio — For white diarrhoea one ounce of sulphate of iron and one of sulphuric acid and enough water to make one gallon. Give one talebspoonful in each quart of drinking water. Keep this preparation in stone jar or jug. Handle acid with care. This should be given from the time the chicks are hatched, but do not make preparation any stronger for young chicks. It is a sure preventive and also a cure, even when chicks are quite bad.

C. Otsego, Mich—For breaking down of hind quarters in hogs. Five pounds cod liver oil, one pound phosphate of lime, one ounce fluid extract of nux vomica. Give one tablespoonful for each small or two spoonfuls for large pigs in a slop composed of ground oats, middling and oil meal. Give salt and charcoal in a box or dry place where they can eat all they want.

C., Pekin, Ind:—Give mare that has scours one tablespoonful of ground charcoal and one teaspoonful of ginger in her feed until trouble has subsided.

W., Camden, Ohio—Your cow has bronchitis and it is doubtful if any treatment will now be of benefit, as the disease has become chronic. Two drams extract of belladonna, one of mild cherry bark and four of syrup of tar in a pint of warm water might be given as a dose once a day for a time and if any improvement is noticeable continue treatment.

For horse that is hide-bound give one pint of oil meal twice a day with grain feed. Turn out to pasture whenever possible. A tablespoonful of fenugreek in food would also be beneficial.

What Seed Inoculation Is.

Everyone who understands the growing of alfalfa and clover, admits that inoculation of the soil or seed is essential to perfect success in getting a heavy stand. Other growers of legumes, soy beans, cowpeas, vetch, the various clovers and field peas and beans, also know the value of inoculation for they have seen it increase their crops and add fertility to their soil.

For years the doctrine of inoculating with soil from an alfalfa field, carrying this soil to the field to be sown with alfalfa, has been preached, but so many times has dodder and grown gall and other diseases and weeds been transferred from one field to another that this method is now considered by all to be extremely dangerous.

The best and simplest method of inoculation is to secure the fresh legume cultures and inoculate the seed, which is a very simple matter, before sowing. The little germs that are thus put right on the seed at the time of sowing begin to breed and multiply as soon as they get into the ground. The moment the seed sprouts the germs attach themselves to the roots of the tiny plant and begin forcing it to a vigorous growth, a growth not reached by the uninoculated plant, no matter how it is grown.

It must be borne in mind that legumes which are not inoculated with these friendly little germs do not store in their roots any nitrogen from the air, but take it from the soil. To build up your soil, rotate grain with legumes that are inoculated.—William Galloway, Waterloo, Iowa.

Spring Plowing.

We often abuse our spring plowing by turning it up to the sun and dry winds to bake and dry out, depending on a shower to mellow up the ground at planting time.

It is a good rule never to leave the field either at noon or at night without first harrowing the ground that has been plowed. In my estimation no ground can be properly prepared, giving a good seed bed for corn without the use of the disc. A half prepared seed bed means a poor stand and an uneven growth and the corn will suffer more from drouth and from insects.

Seed Corn Sensitive.

Think of your seed corn as you do of your live stock — horses, cattle, hogs, etc. Full of life and calling for as intelligent, careful attention—as full of promise and profit as they and much more sensitive to neglect. Under unfavorable conditions a single night may change it from "very good" to "very poor" and hardly give you an inkling of what happened.

LIVE STOCK

Raising Hogs.

In raising hogs cheaply it is necessary to begin with the sows. They must be fed well in order to produce a good litter of strong, vigorous pigs. Oats is a splendid grain feed. It is a well balanced food. Corn is not suitable. It is too fattening. Also provide plenty of pure water. Exercise is necessary. This can be provided by feeding the oats on a feeding floor, scattering them thinly. It is not necessary to grind the oats. The sows should be handled so that one can go up to them at any time. A good time to have them farrow is about April 1. A good place is a stall in the horse or cow barn. The time of farrowing can be determined quite exactly. The milk comes into the teats four to six hours before farrowing. Don't feed the sow for 24 hours after farrowing, but give her slightly warmed water. Then feed some feed like oats and some shorts. When the little pigs are 5 or 6 weeks old begin feeding them some grain feed like ground oats. A good way is to fence off their trough so the sow can't get to it.

A good pasture should be provided. For early spring a rye pasture is fine. This can be followed by a mixed pasture, as follows: Peas, 2 bushels per acre, barley 1 bushel, and rape 3 to 4 pounds. Some grain should be fed as the pasture alone will not be sufficient. Then plant a patch of squaw corn. The pigs can be turned into this the middle of August.

An expensive hog house is not necessary. A straw shed will answer very well. Set up some posts in a circle with an alley leading to the east, put woven wire fence on the posts and some poles on top. Throw the straw over it when threshing. The A-shaped cots are fine for the sows after they have farrowed.—W. R. Lanxon.

Remember These.

Remember that thoroughbred hogs make cheaper gain when fattened for pork, as a rule, than scrubs. The pure bred animal is better for any purpose than a scrub.

Use fence wire freely and do not hesitate to cut up the farm into fields to pasture animals. This is one of the best methods of increasing the number of animals the farm will support.

Sheeep destroy many noxious weeds, eat waste hay and graze short grass. Every farmer ought to have a few sheep to eat what would be wasted and produce mutton and wool for ready cash.

Skimmed milk is a very valuable product in raising calves, pigs and lambs. The dairymen, especially those that separate their milk, is in a position to raise cheap meat. Dairying and swine raising supplement each other.

Hog and hominy should be the slogan for next year. Every farmer who is now buying pork and bacon should get a start of hogs and raise his own meat next year. Corn and hogs make a good combination for practical farming.

Where there is a green crop of rye, wheat, oats or barley for the pigs they will cost little if some grain and skimmed milk be available. Those who have no green crops for their hogs will pay more for grains and find that the animals gain slowly.

Two or three colts raised every year will increase the annual income from the farm from $200 to $300. The colts will cost little if there is a pasture and some feed and there are not many other ways in which a few hundred dollars can be added to the income so easily.

The easiest and most profitable way to market crops is to feed them to good dairy animals and cash the animals or animal products, as the case may be. Just as good income is to be realized by feeding to other kinds of live stock than the dairy.

Extremes and sudden changes in feeding and watering and salting will cause acute indigestion in sheep that is usually fatal.

It is said that there is a sheep in South Africa which in its pure state is worthless as a wool bearing animal, but whose skin is highly valued by the bookbinding trade on account of its toughness. It resembles the Persian sheep in many respects, especially as far as regards its heavy tail.

Bad management will destroy the vitality of the strongest stock in constitutional vigor. Thoroughbred stock that is once broken down by bad management is worse than scrub stock. Better give the animals good care and keep them thoroughbred by good management.

THE DAIRY

Ripening Cream.

The following thoughts are suggested by reading a bulletin by Professor G. E. Frevert, recently issued by the Idaho station:

The main objects of cream ripening are to increase the churnability of cream and to develop desirable flavors. It is well known that cream will churn more readily when it is allowed to sour. Many butter-makers on the farm have made that the main object in ripening the cream, losing sight entirely of the development of flavors.

Butter is valued over lard or tallow mainly for the reason that it has a more desirable flavor. If in the making and handling of butter, this desirable quality is spoiled, the price of the products on the general market must be reduced accordingly. The consumer eats butter as a relish, and if it has a bad flavor it ceases to be a desirable relish.

The flavor of butter is determined mainly by the treatment which the cream receives previous to churning. In order to make butter with a desirable flavor, it is quite important that the cream should have a clean, sour flavor when it is placed in the churn.

Butter made from sweet cream has rather a flat taste and is not desirable on that account. In order to obtain this clean, sour flavor in the cream it is important that extreme care should be taken in the producing and ripening of it.

First of all, cleanliness in the dairy is essential. If the cream has filth in it the production of a clean flavored butter is impossible. Next to this it is important that the proper kind of ferments be introduced and given a chance to develop in the cream. This may be accomplished by adding about 10 per cent of clabber milk to the cream. This milk or starter, as it is commonly called, should have a clean, sour flavor, and may be prepared as follows:

Draw a pint of clean, sweet, whole or skimmed milk into a glass bottle or jar, which has been previously scalded. Allow it to stand at about 80 degrees F. until it is clabbered. This will require about 10 or 12 hours. This bottle of milk then is known as the "mother starter" and can then be poured into a larger portion of milk to cause it to sour and become clabber.

The larger portion of milk, however, should first be heated to about 180 degrees F. and cooled down to about 65 degrees F. In about 10 or 12 hours this milk should be clabbered, and is ready to be added to the cream and thoroughly mixed. It should be allowed to stand at about 65 degrees F. for eight or 10 hours, at which time it should be cooled down to churning temperature. After an hour or two it is ready to churn.

This clabber milk, or starter, may be preserved from one churning to another by transferring a small potion of it to a bottle of fresh milk which has been heated and cooled each day.

In other words, instead of inoculating the starter into a large portion of milk each day, where the churning comes once or twice a week, a mother starter is carried from day to day, and when a larger portion of starter is required for ripening the cream for churning, it may be pepared by adding some of this mother starter to a larger portion of heated milk, which has been cooled.

This starter may be carried for a considerable length of time if taken care of so as not to introduce filth into it. However, if it should get off flavor it had better not be used, as the tendency will be for it to develop a bad flavor in the cream, rather than to produce the desirable flavor, which is wanted.

POULTRY

Besting the Mites.

The fight of generations of poultrymen against external poultry parasites seems about to be won if the claims of "Mapes, the Hen Man," prove to be borne out. Mr. O. W. Mapes is a poultryman of many years' experience, whose operations have been conducted on a considerable scale and with a good degree of success. His unique ideas for housing and handling poultry have become known to poultrymen in many sections of the country, and for that reason his recent utterances on the complete control of external poultry parasites deserve to have full and fair consideration.

Mr. Mapes now affirms that the long-continued fussing and fighting to keep poultry free from blood sucking insects is needless; the only treatment necessary is to paint the perches once a year with beef or mutton tallow, covering top, botton, ends, sides and roost supports with the melted tallow, leaving no space, crack or crevice untreated. This is absolutely all that is required to win the fight except to compel every bird to roost on the greased perches. Simple! Easy? Yes. The mite, or other bloodsucker that gets a smear of grease gets a dose that ends his career.—Farm and Fireside.

For Novice and Expert.

Chicken raising is an exact art. Read up as much as you can on this highly important subject.

Remember that ducklings grow quicker if no swimming water is provided for them.

Provide variety of feeding for the young chicks and see that they are never allowed to look back.

Do not tamper with the broody hen. An irritable broody will soon spoil a setting of eggs.

Put down settings of eggs from the heavy breeds, as the progeny will, with care, prove profitable winter layers.

April is almost here, the one great month in the year for hatching and raising chicks. Fertility should be at its highest and the chicks hatched have the natural advantage of cool nights, warm days and fresh, tender grass and bugs.

Poultry, like every industry, has its good and bad years. The poultry raiser who sticks to it year after year is the one that reaps the benefits. There always will be money in poultry for those who will work and learn.

Steady advertising is the only kind that wins out. Advertise according to your meas and stock to be disposed of, but steadily week after week during the egg, chick and stock season, and by selecting the proper channel results will be obtained.

Grand Central Palace, New York, is planning a greater show than ever for its "lucky seventh" annual exhibition. A square deal always has been had by the exhibitors at New York, and that with good judging has made the Palace what it is today.

Set all the hens you can this month. Pullets hatched in April will mean next winter layers.

Broiler prices are increasing.

Protect the chicks by giving them comfortable quarters, as there is much changeable weather.

Do not place more than 13 eggs this month under the broody hen.

Chicks hatched last fall should weigh from three to four pounds each now, for which a good market can be found.

April is a good month to hatch goose, duck and turkey eggs.

Poultry Houses.

"There is no particular size or style of poultry house that is better than the rest," contends Prof. F. S. Jacoby, head of the new poultry department of Ohio State University's College of Agriculture. "All the farmer should bear in mind is the essential requirement of a good poultry house with regard to several specifications."

"First, the house should be well ventilated, without being subject to drafts. Hens are very susceptible to drafty temperatures, and will not do their best laying under such conditions. The presence of sunlight is another essential that must not be overlooked. The poultry house should be so arranged that the light will penetrate to all parts of the house.

Prof. Jacoby further recommends a house that is built tight on three sides and the roof. The front should be open, provided with glass and muslin. About twice as much muslin as glass is usually found advisable, with the area of the cloth about an eighth or a tenth of the area of the floor space.

The floor of poultry houses is a subject that has given poultrymen much trouble, but Prof. Jacoby outlined the principles in floor-building so simply worry. "The floor should be dry," he says, "and with this in view the cement floor will be found efficient. Cement floors are easy to clean, which is another point in their favor.

"The providing of litter for the floor is a difficult matter. Straw, of course, gives the best results, the coarse rye or wheat straws giving better satisfaction. Farmers who have more hay than they can use for feeding purposes, can find a ready use for the coarser portions by using their surplus as litter. The farmer should try, however, to get a litter that will not crack or break as the poultry walk over it."

"Leaves are often found used as litter, but do not give the best results. They are apt to produce dust, and give the farmer considerable trouble in maintaining the health of the flock. The poultry house can be kept sanitary, as every farmer knows, by the use of the white-wash brush, and there does not seem to be anything much better. Whitewash is not only a good deodorizer, but increases the light in the house as well. The use of some of the marketed disinfectants, if reliable, would not prove objectionable, however, as the farmer cannot give too much attention to the keeping of h poultry in first-class physical cond tion."—A. B. Graham, Ohio State Un versity.

Opportunities of interest to you Read the Classified Opportunities co umn on last page.

THE ORCHARD

The Canker Worm.

The canker-worm has long be known as one of the most destructi orchard insects. It often ruins t leaves of apple trees by feeding up the green surfaces. The young worm hatch in spring from eggs laid up the bark of the twigs, branches trunk. They are green or brow striped with darker lines. On the und side, just back of the head there a six jointed legs with sharp claws. N the hind end of the body there are fo or six blunt legs. There are no le whatever in the middle of the body. Consequently, when the worm move its body assumes the shape of a hum or hook, so that it is often called looping caterpillar or a measurin worm.

These canker-worms have the pow of spinning a silken thread from th mouth. If you jar a twig on whi they are feeding, they drop toward th ground, each hanging by a thread.

The worms that hatch from eggs the leaves open continue feeding fo about six weeks, when they becom full grown caterpillars and change t the pupa state.

Fortunately these canker worms ar readily poisoned by spraying and caus no damage in orchards that are spray ed.—Farm and Fireside.

Gordon-Van Tine Co.'s Greatest **MILLWORK** and Lumber Catalog Sent Free

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A postal card brings the greatest Millwork and Building Material Catalog we have ever issued. Offers 5,000 bargains in everything you need to build, remodel or repair.

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Gordon-Van Tine Co., 5100 Case St., Davenport, Ia.

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The 1-Man 2-Horse Machine

FREE TRIAL

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Made in 2 sizes { No. 1 Weight 750 lbs. / No. 3 Weight 1300 lbs.

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GET Longer Better & More WOOL

that will net you from 15c to 20c more on every sheep you shear with a Stewart No. 9 Machine. Don't labor with hand shears, in the old, hard, sweaty way. Don't have aching, swollen wrists. Don't scar and disfigure your sheep with uneven shearing and spoil the wool with second cuts. Take off the fleece smoothly and quickly in one unbroken blanket with a

Stewart No. 9 Ball-Bearing Shearing Machine

and get a length and quality of wool that will bring the highest price. The Stewart runs so easily a child can turn the handle while you shear. Extra profits soon pay for it.

It's the most perfect hand operated shearing machine ever devised. Has ball-bearings in ever part where friction or wear occurs. Has a ball bearing shearing head of the latest improved Stewart pattern. Price complete, including 4 combs and 4 cutters of the celebrated Stewart pattern, only $11.50. Get one from your dealer, or send us $2.00 and we will ship C.O.D. for the balance. Money and transportation charges back if you are not well pleased with it.

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Write for FREE catalogue showing largest and most complete line of Sheep Shearing and Horse Clipping Machines in the world.

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE.

The book entitled The History of White Diarrhoea, or Why Incubator Chicks Die, will be sent absolutely free by return mail to anyone sending us the names of 7 to 10 of their friends that use incubators. This book can save you $100 this summer. It describes white diarrhoea or bowel trouble, the cause and tells of a cure.

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THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

No Worms In Kittitas Valley Apples

Kittitas Valley, Washington is free from fruit pests. Here grow the finest apples in the world, excelling in size, color, flavor and keeping quality.

Good land can be bought at a reasonable price. After the fifth year a regular income of $500 an acre can be counted on and there's big money in vegetables and small fruits while you're waiting.

The enterprising orchardist who gets into this wonderful country now while it is new will never regret his move. Good orchard land is plentiful—the climate is temperate and healthful—winters mild—summers cool.

A new irrigation ditch, known as the Hi Line Canal, carrying water for 75,000 acres of high-class fruit and truck gardening land, is now under construction.

The heart of Kittitas Valley is traversed America's newest transcontinental line—the

CHICAGO
Milwaukee & St. Paul
RAILWAY

Special low round-trip homeseekers' tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays of of every month. Send for descriptive literature and full information.

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YOUR OPPORTUNITY
is NOW in the Province of SASKATCHEWAN Western Canada

160 FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Do you desire to get a Free Homestead of 160 Acres of that well known Wheat Land? The area is becoming more limited but no less valuable.

New Districts have recently been opened up for settlement, and into these railroads are now being built. The day will soon come when there will be no Free Homesteading land left.

A Swift Current, Saskatchewan farmer writes:—"I came here on my homestead, March, 1908, with about $1000 worth of horses and machinery, and just $25 in cash. Today I have 900 acres of wheat, 200 acres of oats, and 50 acres of flax." Not bad for six years, but only an instance of what may be done in Western Canada, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Send at once for Literature, Maps, Railway Rates, etc., to

W. S. NETHERY, Canadian Government Agent, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

or Address, Superintendent of Immigration Ottawa, Ont., Canada

This Should Keep the Baby Healthy

When It Is Ill Don't Become Alarmed But Give This Fine Laxative.

It is often difficult to tell just what the matter with a crying, peevish boy or child too young to express its feelings in words, but as a general rule the mother will find that there is a tendency to constipation, which has brought on a headache or nervousness. A little one has no pain, but feels "out of sorts."

The first thing to try is a family remedy containing good but mild laxative properties, and many mothers will say that their choice would be Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Thousands of mothers keep it in the house for such emergencies, among whom may be mentioned Mrs. Jennie Manuel, Altamont, Ill., who began to give her baby, Frederick, Syrup Pepsin when he was 6 months old, and has used it ever since with gratifying results. She writes that Frederick was not growing well and threw up his food, but after a few days' use of Syrup Pepsin he was able to retain his food and gained rapidly in weight. Thousands of others are glad to say that Syrup Pepsin saved them many an illness and many a large doctor bill, for by administering it promptly, when the first symptoms of illness were noticed, they prevented a serious ailment.

It is so pleasant-tasting that no child will refuse it, and as it does not gripe, the child is glad to take it again. A bottle can be obtained of any druggist for fifty cents or one dollar, the latter being the size bought by families already familiar with its merits. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded.

FREDERICK MANUEL.

Syrup Pepsin is for all the family from infancy to old age, and because of its mildness families should prefer it over all other remedies. It is absolutely safe and reliable. You will never again give cathartics, pills, salts or such harsh physics, for they are usually unnecessary, and in the case of children, women and elderly people are a great shock to the system, and hence should be avoided.

If no member of your family has ever used Syrup Pepsin and you would like to make a personal trial of it before buying it in the regular way of a druggist, send your address—a postal will do to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and a full sample bottle will be mailed you.

DOMESTICS UNITE FOR TWO AFTERNCONS OFF

Chicago, April 17.—Two afternoons a week off and the right to entertain company in the parlor without interference from the family, are among the demands to be made by domestic servants who have just organized a union to be known as the Household Workers' Association. The new union obtained a charter yesterday from the American Federation of Labor.

As soon as the organization is of sufficient strength to control the situation, better working conditions will be demanded, together with regular hours of work. Wednesday and Sunday afternoons will be the free time demanded.

$2,500 Policy FREE —MONEY FOR YOU!

Pulls Orders

See here! We are one of the oldest firms in business. Supreme tailoring means best tailoring. Our reputation will land orders for you and big money. Your spare time spent showing the Supreme line of men's fine all wool fabrics and up-to-the-minute styles will make you more in a day than you can make in a week. Build a big profitable business of your own. No canvassing and no experience needed.

Our $2,500 POLICY FREE Helps You Make $10 to $20 a DAY and UP

With every suit or overcoat we are going to give a Genuine Leather pocketbook and $2,500 transferable accident policy in one of the largest companies in America. It's a whirlwind order bringer. We will send you absolutely Free, the following: all wool fabrics and styles in suits and coats, tape measure, order blanks, etc. Styles and prices suiting every taste and pocketbook. Show this to our regular customers and your friends—show them the $2,500 policy and watch the dollars roll in.

Express Prepaid, our big line of all wool fabrics and styles in suits and coats, tape measure, order blanks, etc. Styles and prices suiting every taste and pocketbook. Show this to our regular customers and your friends—show them the $2,500 policy and watch the dollars roll in.

SUPREME TAILORING CO., Dept. M, Chicago, Ill.

PLENTY OF P. O. JOBS

But Congressmen Are Slow to Recommend.

Washington, April 19.—Postmaster General Burleson is waiting on senators and members of congress to make recommendations for postmasters in nearly 2,000 cases where vacancies exist through death or resignation or where the terms of the incumbents have expired.

Looking over the list recently the postmaster general discovered that only 16 recommendations had been made on this large list of offices. Thereupon Mr. Burleson sent out letters to each senator or congressman in whose district vacancies existed. He invited them to make recommendations. After waiting a week he took a survey of the field and found that the total number of recommendations as the result of his letters had increased to only 46. His theory is that the Democratic senators and congressmen are having difficulty in reaching a conclusion as to whom they will recommend. But Mr. Burleson rejects the complaints Democrats are making to him that he does not make changes more rapidly. He said today that he was ready to appoint Democrats as rapidly as congressmen made recommendations in all cases where vacancies exist. He will not appoint a Republican in any case, he says, unless it is shown to his satisfaction that there is no Democrat in the neighborhood capable of filling the office.

LONDON HAS NURSE FAMINE

London, April 18.—As a result of influenza and measles epidemic London is suffering from a famine of trained nurses. "Not in five years have we experienced such a demand," says the superintendent of a West London nurses' institute.

COST OF BELGIUM STRIKE 12 MILLION

In Six Days Loss to Country Has Mounted to Huge Figures.

Brussels, Belgium, April 19.—Twelve million dollars is the figure compiled in trustworthy circles of Belgium's loss in the first six days of the strike for equal political rights, which has been joined by about 400,000 men, half the male working population of the country.

Two thirds of this loss of $2,000,000 a day falls, according to the Socialist trade union leaders, upon the employers and supporters of the existing system. The organizers of the strike affirm that the men by exercising self denial can hold out as long as the capitalists are willing to endure their deprivation of dividends for a political reason only.

Men Still Determined.

All appearances go to show that the strike will continue for a considerable period, as the determination of the men is met by the equally firm rejection of any idea of compromise by Premier Charles De Broinueville and the other cabinet ministers. The premier declares that he did not offer his resignation to King Albert on Thursday, as reported, nor will he consent to submit to a referendum of the country the demand for the men for equal suffrage.

The printers of the capital struck work at midnight, but as the newspapers were practically ready for publication at that hour, all appeared this morning. Even the men employed on the Socialist organ, Le Peuple, walked out, but enough will be permitted to stay to print a sheet containing strike news. Some of the evening papers came out today in reduced form.

Tailors Strike, Too.

The strike also extended to the tailors in Brussels today and there is a marked increase in the total of men who have joined the movement.

From the provinces come reports of the firm intention to succeed on the part of men. Reports of minor incidents of violence have been received from various quarters, but as a rule all is pacific.

STRIKE HITS NEWSPAPERS; PRINTERS JOIN STRIKERS

Brussels, Belgium, April 18.—The strike of all the union printers here tomorrow will bring home to residents of the Belgian capital the effects of the great national strike far more forcibly than the crippling of industry in other parts of the country has done. Most of the 15 daily papers issued here will be unable to publish. A few papers will appear in reduced form.

Today's estimates of the number off strikers makes the total between 350,000 and 375,000. The movement maintains its determined character throughout the provinces. The Socialist leaders have generally succeeded in keeping their followers well in hand and have prevailed on them to continue passive. Only in a few instances have disturbances occurred and these of a minor character.

In the industrial province of Hainaut a few have returned to work, but the number of accessions to the strike movement fully balances the defections.

Shipping has suffered some delay at Antwerp, owing to lack of hands for loading freight.

The street cleaners in the capital threaten today to add to the inconvenience of the residents by quitting their work.

UNIQUE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

Suffragette Weds Artist and They Combine Names.

St. Paul, Minn., April 17.—A unique ceremony was used at the wedding of Miss Flora Dart, an enthusiastic suffragist, and Nathaniel J. Pousette, an artist, at the home of the bride's parents here last night. Miss Dart wrote the lines which the Rev. C. W. Barnes repeated in joining the two in marriage.

There was an exchange of rings, a promise of "mutual esteem," and the couple agreed to combine their names, taking that of Pousette-Dart.

FEATHER BED BARGAINS

Send us this ad with $10.00 Money Order and we will ship you one first-class, New 40-pound Feather Bed; one pair 6-pound New Feather Pillows, worth $2.50; one 6-pound New Feather Bolster, worth $2.50; and one pair Full Size Blankets, worth $3.50, all for $10.00. All New goods and no trash. Biggest bargain ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. This offer is good for a short time only. Mail money order now or write for circular and order blanks. Reference, American Exchange National Bank. Address Southern Feather & Pillow Co., Dept. 20, Greensboro, N. C.

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No. 413 Price $2.69

Direct from factory to you $2.69

Every article illustrated in our Catalog is as good a value as this Rocker.

Write for our New Free Catalog. Most wonderful money saving book ever published. You can buy from us easier than in a store. It shows accurate illustrations and truthful descriptions of over 1,000 pieces of furniture, all lower priced than in any other catalog you ever saw. It will convince you that it is profitable for you to deal with us. Our prices are the lowest on earth.

Large, handsome rocker in beautiful rich golden finish. Upholstered in Manhattan full feather. Broad arms. Roomy spring seat 19 inches square. Back 38 in. high from floor, 24 in. from seat. Weight 50 lbs.

Full size Iron Bed	$1.19
Kitchen Cabinet Base and Top	4.95
Handsome Set of 6 Dining Chairs	5.85
Brussels Room Rug 9x12 feet	8.95

Everything at similar low prices all shown in our catalog. WE SELL YOU ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Order what you want, use it a month, then decide. If not satisfactory return it to us. We will refund all you paid with freight charges both ways. Write for our catalog today, study it, you will see for yourself that you save big money in dealing with us.

MOORE & MERRITT CO., Station 922, Pittsburg, Pa.

SWELL, NIFTY SUIT FREE!

Get in Quick! Most marvelous tailoring offering ever made! Be our sales-manager in your town—$250 a month. Enough coin to fill your pockets. Nifty suits for you to wear—ALL FREE. Make $50 to $75 a week selling our nifty suits. It's easy! Orders turned over to you. No experience, no money necessary.

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American Woolen Mills Co. Dept. 428 CHICAGO, ILL.

ERUPTION ON LEGS, BACK AND HEAD

Also on Fingers. Like Little Boils. Throbbing and Burning Pain. Had to Cut off Hair. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Entirely Cured In Six Weeks.

Bloomingdale, Mich.—"I had sores on my legs, back, on my head and on the tips of my fingers. They looked first like little boils and had pus in them. They started with a throbbing and burning pain. They opened and formed a scab and would spread to the size of a silver dollar. My mother had to cut off my hair because we couldn't comb it, it pained me so badly and besides it was stuck together with pus. My underwear would stick to the sores on my body. My mother had to soak the clothes off of me. The clothing irritated my body. I had to go bare-footed for four weeks because I could not get on a shoe or a stocking. They would stick to the sores, and I could not get them off.

"The trouble started two weeks before my mother tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I was a little relieved in three days and was entirely cured in six weeks by Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Miss Olive Dalton, Sept. 28, 1912.

For treating poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a generation. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

VIEWS OF WOMEN DIFFER ON DRESS

Well Known Englishmen and English Women Discuss the Fashions.

London, April 18.—A good deal of interest is being taken here in the bill introduced in the Ohio legislature making illegal decollette dresses, transparent stockings and other fashions of today. Opinion here seems about equally divided on the question whether woman's costume of the present time is or is not improper.

A well known modiste declares that the craze among English women for scanty clothing is growing. "Bodices are worn lower than ever this season for both daytime and evening," she says. "Materials, too, are finer and more transparent, and more of woman's form is revealed. The 'draped-on-one-hip' gown of gossamer material, showing a visible leg through the slit skirt, really resembles the pantomime style of dress, especially with the white silk stocking suggesting tights."

A prominent hostess told the Daily Mirror that the present style of women's clothing was a positive scandal and "must do harm to the morals of the country," adding: "I think an act of parliament should be passed making it an indictable offense to wear the dresses one sees every day in the streets."

A. E. W. Mason, the novelist, on the other hand, said: "I think English women are better dressed today than they ever have been. A government censorship of women's dress would have very little effect in this country. If 20 bills were passed prescribing what women should wear no woman would ever obey the law.

"Of course the Ohio bill will never pass. It could not be worked."

A correspondent who signs himself "Dancing Man," writes:

"Women in ballrooms are every year growing more and more shameless and abbreviated in costume at both ends. They would seem to model their styles on that of the traditional ballet girl, so scanty are their frocks and so gauzy what there is of them. Perfectly modest and maidenly girls in everyday life seem to 'revel in being abandoned creatures' when they begin to dance. The stockings, which are freely displayed, are absolutely made of spider's webs."

Lady Baden-Powell, wife of General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, says:

"Every woman should dress to suit her own personal appearance; but a following of fashions just because they are the fashion should be discouraged. What is one person's meal is another person's poison, and though a well cut, moderately tight skirt shows off a slim figure, extremes in dress, as in everything else, are a mistake. It is absurd to wear a dress in which it is hardly easy or safe to walk across a London street."

D. A. R. TIRED OUT

Election of Mrs. Story Was Hard Exercise.

Washington, April 19.—When the annual continental congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution met in its final session it was a ghost of its former self. Following the election of Mrs. William Cummings Story yesterday as president general, with the election of seven vice presidents-general, many delegates left for their homes. Others, tired out by the election fight, remained in their hotels.

It was apparent that a majority of those who attended the closing meeting were admirers of Mrs. Story. Her supporters were jubilant over the victory of their candidate and as evidently delighted at the good feeling that marked the termination of the most strenuously fough election contest in the history of the organization.

Business details were on the program for consideration. It was declared that nothing would be taken up that involved any radical changes in policy.

ILLINOIS IS 70 PER CENT DRY

Chicago, April 17.—Complete returns from towns and cities of Illinois in which the saloon was an issue in the elections of April 1 and April 15, show, as compiled today by E. J. Davis, Chicago superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois, that additions have been made to the dry territory sufficient to bring the total area up to 70 per cent of that of the entire state.

According to the figures of Superintendent Davis 34 per cent of the state of Illinois now lives in "dry" territory.

WEATHER MAN MOORE OUSTED

President Wilson Suddenly Fires Him, Refusing Resignation.

Washington, April 17.—Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau since 1895 and an appointee of the Cleveland administration, yesterday was summarily removed from office by President Wilson.

His resignation recently had been accepted to take effect July 31, but after an investigation of his alleged efforts to become secretary of agriculture in the present cabinet, grave charges of irregularity were preferred and the President withdrew his acceptance of the resignation, dismissing Professor Moore. Later he referred the subject to the department of justice for inquiry.

Compares to Wiley Case.

Professor Moore issued a statement last night declaring that the same influences that attempted to "disgrace and remove Dr. Harvey W. Wiley" were responsible for his removal, and branding as "infamously false" any intimation that he had coerced employes of the weather bureau in supporting him for the secretaryship or that public money had been expended in his candidacy. His statement follows:

"I am in receipt of a letter from the President of the United States saying that an investigation of my conduct of the business of the weather bureau discloses such irregularities on my part that the interests of the public service demand my immediate removal.

"Same Old Influences."

"In reply, I will say that it is the same old influences that attempted to disgrace and remove Dr. Harvey W. Wiley without letting him see the charges against him or confront his accusers that is now driving me from the public service."

Secretary Houston, of the agricultural department, conferred with the President before the removal of Mr. Moore was announced.

The secretary then issued the following statement:

"Immediately after the resignation of Professor Moore, of the weather bureau, was submitted to the President and accepted by him, charges were filed with the secretary of agriculture by responsible men within the service. These charges were of such a grave nature that the secretary of agriculture called upon the department of justice for an investigation.

Inquiry Under Way.

"The investigation is still under way, but the facts so far secured, and laid before the President, were sufficient to warrant him in deciding to withdraw his acceptance of Professor Moore's resignation and remove him summarily, which has been done.

"The President also has directed the secretary of agriculture to suspend Mr. Charles T. Burns, an employe of the weather bureau, pending a further investigation of his case, and take such disciplinary measures as he may dee mnecessary with such other employes of the weather bureau as may be found to have been unduly active in using the public service for private and personal ends."

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Important Bills Ohio Legislature Passed

Requiring lobbyists to register.

Establishing three model charters, optional for adoption by municipalities.

Permitting juvenile court judges to grant mothers' pensions.

Raising $3,500,000 annually by state tax for the construction of 14 main market roads and intercounty system.

Providing for compulsory dragging of unimproved roads.

Permitting county commissioners to accept aid for good roads from associations.

Providing for the purchase of a site and preparation of plans for a new penitentiary in the country.

Permitting net earnings to be paid to prisoners.

Providing for the removal of derelict public officials by court trial or hearing before the governor.

Insuring the recovery of misappropriated public funds, on the findings of the state bureau of uniform accounting.

State-wide primaries to nominate candidates for state and local offices.

Creating survey for reorganization of rural school system.

Creating survey to establish minimum wage for women.

"Blue Sky" law to stop sale of worthless securities.

Establishing compulsory workingmen's compensation.

Creating industrial commission to consolidate seven state departments dealing with the relations of labor and capital.

Creating agricultural commission, consolidating seven departments and offices dealing with agriculture.

Establishing bureau of legislative research for scientific preparation of legislation.

Creating commission for the investigation of farm credit systems abroad.

Creating state censorship of motion picture films.

Establishing direct mechanics' lien law.

Astronomy Required in Plumbing Contest

New York, April 19.—To be assistant engineer in the bureau of public buildings and offices, with duties which consist principally of examining the plumbing in public buildings, one apparently needs education in astronomy. It came out in the written examination of an applicant for the job yesterday that one question asked for an explanation of the theory of the right of ascension. Another was for a definition of "siderial time."

"Apparently they want us all to be 'stars' and qualify for the job as head of the astronomical observatory in Washington," protested the young plumber when he handed in his paper with the questions unanswered.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

and if I started any fancy shooting with it I should probably bag my dear old pal, Alfred, instead of the bearded one here. Well, my son, here's thirty bob, and I'll keep the balance as my share and agent's commission."

"But what are we going to do with him? If we take him ashore he'll lay in a complaint."

"Don't you believe it, old son. His nibs here has kicked over the traces; killed a deckhand, as likely as not, and was shy about going on to Liverpool to meet the police on the pier head. You can bet he didn't switch off and come with us on account of our looks. And when he steps ashore the only thing he'll ask for will be to slip quietly away and no questions asked."

Alfred shivered. "I shall be glad enough to see the last of him. He's a tough-looking customer. I hope he'll start to run quick."

"He would if he was let. The trouble for him will be that we've got further use for him."

Alfred was clearly distressed. "I won't be a party to any more games," he babbled.

"Wait till you're invited, old son."

"But what are you up to? It isn't murder? I couldn't stand that. I—I believe I'd inform if you did."

"My brave boy, calm your twittering nerves. The gentleman is far more valuable to us alive than dead. He is going to ship as fireman on a voyage to Valparaiso, and we—or, perhaps, I should say, as you don't seem inclined to chip in—I will draw his advance pay. Twig?"

"But he'll come to before you can get him to Birkenhead or Liverpool, and shipped."

"Again, old son, you undervalue my skill. Permit me to remind you that once in my shady past I was a doctor (or to be more precise, an unqualified medical student), that being, of course, in the days before you and I met as comedians (as, I think, we called ourselves) on the music-hall stage, which was before we found it convenient to go foreign in a stoke-hold, which again was before we started picking up a livelihood in this present boat on the Mersey estuary."

"Oh, do get on, and don't drivel."

"As a relic of one of my earlier professions I invariably carry a hypodermic syringe and a small but carefully selected collection of drugs. Two tubes in the waistcoat pocket contain all the lot. It always jars my nerves to read the rot that ignorant novelists churn out about doping an unwilling hand by putting laudanum in his beer, when probably the beggar has a distaste for beer and wouldn't drink it at your hands, anyway. Now a little job from a hypodermic needle, and your patient gets his dose whether he likes it or not; thinks probably that you have lurched up against him by accident, and scratched him with a pin in your waistcoat; and according to how that little dose is made up, he promptly proceeds to go off to sleep for a given period, or, if you so regulate it, he sleeps on to the end of time. It's neat, it's scientific, and it leaves no blundering traces for the fools of police to read from the outside, or for an interfering analyst to deduce from the contents of the gentleman's tummy."

"You are a devil."

"I'll admit if you like, old son, that I'm a distinct danger to society at present. But if society would combine together to provide me with a thousand a year—and see I did't overspend it—why, I'd be an ornament to the British Isles, an unobtrusive, club-attending, well-dressed ornament, with strong views about the criminal classes and a distinct talent for breeding prize fox terriers. Don't try and splice that halyard. Knot it and turn it end for end."

The shabby man in the bows lifted the prostrate Mr. Kettle to an easier position. "He's as limp as a bit of chewed string. I believe you've killed him. Oh, Lord, Arthur, what shall we do next?"

"Make sure our passenger doesn't come to life again with unpleasant suddenness. He's a bit too limp for my taste. Here, I'll just give him a taste of soothing syrup. * * * Ha! I told you so. Catch hold of him from behind. Hit him over the head with the boat-hook. Well, hold him like that if you like, then, till I get this quieter jammed into his thigh. * * * Phew! Alfred, old son, that was a close call. The man's all steel springs with brass ends to them. He'd got me nearly strangled before I had him quieted off. There'll be a nice quiet stoke-hold somewhere while this little man's being taught to shovel coal."

"Where are you going to put inshore? If he's to be shipped, I suppose Liverpool's best."

"I don't think. Liverpool, say you, and by your own showing you're a nervous man? There are more toughs in Liverpool than in any other seaport in the British Isles, and in consequence every Liverpool bobby has both eyes sticking about a foot out of his head looking for them. No, Alfred, I don't escort a gentleman with drooping head, who has temporarily lost the use of his lower limbs down Liverpool streets at something past midnight, although he is got up in a uniform that hints he's a seafaring man. Which reminds me the aforesaid uniform is a heap too smart for the poor chap to wake up in and find himself in a stinkin' stokers' fo'c'sle. We must find him something more suitable. Can we draw on your wardrobe, old son?"

"I wish you'd stop your rotting."

"Of course, I'd forgotten. You've only the clothes you at present sit, or, to be more accurate, sprawl in. And I'm in the same box. Of course we did agree, come to think of it, that the troup should travel light this tour.. Bit of a dandy, isn't he, our friend, the juggins? I'd like to change duds with him, but I'm afraid his are a bit too smart to dress my present part in; they'd call too much attention from the eyes of beauty, and so on; and as a further argument, they're about half a mile too small for me."

"Well, we can't invent clothes. We shall have to tear and dirty these he's wearing."

"Not on your life. They represent meals for a week, or perhaps drink for a night. Old son, you mustn't get into this way of talking as if you were a millionaire. We shall be ashore in another 10 minutes now. We'll leave his nibs here as boat-keeper when we've tied her to the wall, and if he's covered up with the lug-sail he'll lie snug and not attract attention, and then we'll toot off to the Mason's Arms, have just one Scotch apiece to wet the luck—they give you a big one for fourpence—and then buy the landlord's old gardening suit for the poor chap that's tumbled into the river and is afraid he's going to have another attack of rheumatism. Not a pal of ours by any means, but if a man doesn't look after his neighbor a bit in this world, who will?"

This program was carried out very much as it was arranged, except for the matter of one drink apiece. The caress of Scotch whisky on his tongue and palate was a thing the less bold of the two rogues never could resist, and numbers two, three and four followed the opening glass. The silent sullen Alfred grew talkative, and the smart barmaid who sat at the receipt of custom more than once admonished him that that would do.

"'Oh! I'm a pirate bold!'" sang Alfred. "'My shipmates they call me the Grogger; Fine plunder I've got in my hold. That I gathered right out on the Dogger.'—Another glass of the same, please miss."

"If you don't stop that noise," said the barmaid, "you'll have the landlord in, and I don't recommend him when he's disturbed from his supper."

"Let's have the Scotch, then."

"You've had enough. I'm sure you'd better do as your friend asks, and go out and take a walk."

"Yes, come along, William, old son."

"My name's not William, as you should know perfectly well by this time."

Miss Dubbs," called a deep and fruity voice from behind the glass door.

"Coming, pa," said the barmaid.

"No, don't come," boomed the voice, "but just tell them rowdies to get out. Tell 'em they're not our class here in the Snug. Tell 'em they'll be better served in our Jug and Bottle, up the yard. Tell 'em they'll enjoy themselves better still at the Colliers' Rest, down the street. Tell 'em I can see their clothes through the glass panel, Miss Dubbs, and 'ear all their low remarks through the woodwork. And tell 'em, Miss Dubbs, that I don't like either."

The barmaid had a sense of humor. She did not retransmit the message. She merely nodded her elaborately dressed head and remarked: "Now, you've heard," and obviously looked upon the pair to make their exit.

She was a deep-hipped, full-bosomed, strong-complexioned young woman, quite clearly able to take care of herself, and the shabby Alfred grasped all this in one muzzy glance, and made toward the swing doors. His friend, however, put a hand on his coat tail, and capsized him gently on a bench.

"Now, don't you mind my friend George, miss. He's nothing further to say—have you, old son? There, you see, not a word. He's been suffering a good deal from exposure—and, for that matter, so have I—and the warmth of your bar and the whisky have made us forget what we came in for. Fact is, there's a fellow outside down in our boat that's been overboard, and got a bad chill. He's T. T., and won't take a drink; so we offered to find him a dry suit of clothes. D'ye think the guv'nor's got such a thing to dispose of?"

"No," said the big bass voice at the other side of the glass door.

"Of course, so far as our means go, we wish to pay. It would be a charity if you could find something. The poor chap's had rheumatic fever once."

Again the big voice made the glass tingle. "Ma says they can have my old garden clothes for two half-crowns, Miss Dubbs. No, call it three-and-six, and they have to replace the missing buttons themselves."

"Well?" said the barmaid.

"That's a deal," said Arthur, the seedy. "You fetch them, my dear."

"I'm not your dear," said Miss Dubbs pointedly, "and it's not my place to do up-stairs work. Besides, I can't leave the bar." She pulled a bell smartly. "I'll tell the servant to fetch them for you. I think your friend's going out. Perhaps you'd like to go with him."

"I'll sit beside him on that nice comfortable oak bench, and then you'll see he'll be perfectly satisfied. Perhaps, as you've gone so far as to ring that bell for the menial, you'd ask her when she comes to have a couple of good thick threepenny sandwiches put up for us."

"Sandwiches are fourpence apiece at this house."

"We can eat the extra pennyworth, my dear. Make them so."

The barmaid retired into a novelette, and the clock ticked loudly in lieu of conversation. Alfred at intervals seemed inclined to snore, and when he did his companion shook him viciously, and (as the barmaid, who was quietly watching the pair in the glass at the back of the bar, thought) nervously.

To Be Continued.

"Snap Shot" Money in Your Pocket

Big CASH Profits For You We will put you in your own, quick-paying business where you will make $to $20 a day. You can do it just the same as our other men. Here are some late reports: Cable of Wyo., writes: "Made $27.00 in 2 hours." Bryant, of Colo., made $16.00 in 6 hours, Evans of Miss., says: "Made $15.75 last Tuesday." Ferry, of Ky., "Made $50.00 in 2 days." Hundreds of actual, bona fide letters like these on file.

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IF YOU WORK OVER A SET OF BOOKS, OR BEHIND THE COUNTER, OR OVER A TYPEWRITER, OR BEHIND A TEAM, OR BESIDE A BARBER CHAIR, OR ON A STREET CAR, OR IN A BOILER FACTORY, OR WHEREVER YOU WORK, I CAN SHOW YOU THE REAL, RAPID, RELIABLE ROUTE TO SOMETHING A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER! I SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN.

You who read this, no matter who you are, or what you are doing; no matter how low your salary, or how poor your prospects; no matter how discontented, discouraged you are; no matter how incapable of achievement your friends or your family may think you are—you can at once become the partner of the Mail Order Wizard of America—you can begin for the first time in your life, perhaps, to see the money roll in to you at every visit of the postman, without grinding out your heart and soul and body for every dollar of it.

I, Walt C. Cunningham, right now offer you the money-making chance of your life, without asking you to mortgage your life to me, without driving a grim, cold-blooded, Shylock's bargain with you. I started perhaps with a whole lot more than you will start with—I started with $100, and received $650,000 in eighteen months in the mail order business. I WILL QUICKLY TEACH YOU THE REAL SECRET OF MAKING MONEY FAST—AND MAKING IT CLEANLY, LEGITIMATELY, HONESTLY, SO THAT YOU CAN LOOK THE WHOLE WORLD IN THE FACE AND DEFY IT TO SAY THAT YOU NEVER ASKED YOUR DOLLARS WHERE THEY CAME FROM. I've a book you must get by return mail and read at once. It is called, "How to Achieve Mail Order Success," and I'll make you a present of it. Read it over, and get it soaked into your system from head to heel and get full of new hope, fire, ambition and burning determination to begin the fight in a brand new way, and under the guidance of one who has fought the same fight and won it hands down. I'll take right hold of you and show you the way from beginning to end, and work with you, for you, help you, advise you, supply you with Money-Multiplying Ideas. Suggestions you can Quickly Coin into Cash, Methods you can Mould into Greenbacks, Swiftly-Successful, Sure Selling Plans, Persuasive Literature, Cash-Getting and Inexpensive Circulars, which will sell the goods I tell you to offer.

This broad-gauged, generous education I am offering you, covering the Entire Field of Newest-Proven Ideas and Well-Tried Principles of Mail Order Money-Making, is open to every man and woman who has the blessed ambition to step up out of the wage-weary crowd. They are so complete, my wonderful plans in long-distance merchandising, that they guide you into Profit-Creating Avenues and Cash-Producing By-Ways. I GUARANTEE, PLEDGE AND ASSURE EVERY MAN OR WOMAN THAT HE OR SHE CAN SOLUTELY ASSURE EVERY MAN OR WOMAN THAT HE OR SHE CAN TAKE HOLD OF THIS BUSINESS AT ONCE, FOLLOW ITS SIMPLE, SURE AND SAFE DIRECTIONS, AND BEGIN IMMEDIATELY TO MAKE MONEY FAST. You can start right out from the day you get this wonderful series of success plans.

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I CAN SET YOU FREE! I can deliver you from the grim grind. I can liberate you from the treadmill of the time-clock! I can tear the well-worn shackles of wage-slavery from your hands and feet! I can lift the thorns of boss-browbeating from your forehead. I can do these things, brothers and sisters, because I was fixed just exactly as you are when I went into this business and made all of this money. I had the same miserable doubts and mongrel fears—I, too, was once hand-cuffed to a job and gagged and speechless with boss-fright; ever-cowed, ever-cringing, ever-afraid of getting fired! Those were the things I decided I would be forever free from, and so I am! And so you, too, can be, if you will make up your minds to believe in me and write to me before this day's sun falls behind the horizon.

I will say no more—the opportunity is here, with its arms outstretched; today, right now, Dame Fortune raps on your door, and this message of mine to tell you about it has cost me thousands of dollars to send—it is flashed today across the country to all the ambitious men and women of America in all the walks of life—there is oceans of room for all of you in this business!

Whatever you do, get that letter or postal off NOW asking for my FREE BOOK, "How To Achieve Mail Order Success." Address WALT C. CUNNINGHAM, President, The Mail Order School, Suite 6199, Brecht Building, Denver, Colorado.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5435—Ladies' Dress.

An unbroken front panel gives a long graceful line to the figure, while the seamed skirt fits loosely enough for comfort. Suitable in style for crepe finish fabrics, for silk satin and the better grades of wash materials. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 6⅝ yds. of 44 inch material with 2 yards of edging.

6164—Children's Dress.

This pretty little dress is just the thing for the small child. It closes at the front. The shield is removable. The kilt skirt is joined to the waist with a belt. Serge, cheviot or any of the wash materials can be used to make this dress.

The pattern 6164 is cut in sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Medium size requires 2½ yds. of 27 inch material.

5174—Ladies' Shirt Waist.

A Gibson design, closing a little to the side, with detachable collar. This will be pretty in silk, cambric, gingham or pongee silk. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yds. of 36 in. material.

3117—Boys' Shirt.

Made like a man's shirt and appropriate for gingham, cambric and other wash materials. The pattern is cut in sizes 4 to 16 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yds. of 36 in. material.

6134—Ladies' Dressing Sack.

A pretty dressing sack model is here given and one very easy to make. It may be fashioned of cashmeere, challis, madras, lawn or silk. The sailor collar and pointed turned back cuffs are f

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1913.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Watch the Guideboard

Opportunities do not always come to you when you sit and wait for them. You must look for them, and it is well to know which way to turn when you come to the crossroads of doubt. Blade advertisements may serve as your guideboards. Give them your attention.

Trouble is one of the easiest things to borrow.

What would the average man do with all the advice that is offered him?

As the Mississippi rises Waterproof, La., isn't quite certain what's in a name.

Any man likes a liar who says something pleasant about him that isn't true.

President Wilson seems to have enough faith in congress to move mountains.

It is the fellow who goes to sleep at 9 p. m. who can get up and appreciate a beautiful sunrise.

Tyro, Kans., has decided what to do with widows. It has elected one mayor of the town.

One doesn't meet many people in the course of a day, who are kicking about the income tax.

Everybody ought to feel glad that the English suffragettes are three thousand miles away.

Mr. Wilson is President of the whole country, but tariff adjustments are a matter of locality.

When it is a question of nature being on the job the transgressor never escapes punishment.

The man with a package of government seeds always has a curiosity to see whether they will grow.

Texas wants only $100,000,000 from the Standard, probably figuring that that is about all the company has.

Some men are unreasonable. One of them has sued his wife for divorce because she hit him with an egg.

A political party that gets into power only occasionally has some trouble in remaining harmonious.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, including the bearded lady who is opposed to woman suffrage.

One harmless summer amusement seems destined to be that of predicting the death of the Progressive party.

One New York paper discovers that wedding presents are not on the free list. But how about rice and old shoes?

"Satan is on the job twenty-four hours a day," says one of the paragraphers. He never was a lazy devil.

Among the early risers may be counted the little English sparrow, and it keeps busy every hour of the day.

It will have to be admitted that the new nickels are almost as good at hiding as some of the more valuable coins.

In ten states women now have the right to vote, but the women of the anti-suffrage states are not rushing there.

Nearly every man who lives to be 100 years old, seems to have had some bad habit that short-lived people try to avoid.

There is nothing in a name. George Washington was fined $5 and costs for picking over the contents of New York ash cans.

As a college professor William Howard Taft appears to be getting by without saying anything foolish for publication.

Efficiency is to be the test of all Republican postmasters now in office. That kind of announcement ought to make them a busy lot of men.

English suffragettes appear to have an aversion to landmarks, forgetting perhaps, that soon they will be expecting some veneration themselves.

Things like this do not happen every day: "Madame Ethel Bumbleburgenhofhendorfensteigh is registered at the Bryant House Mattawamkeag, Maine."

Not wanting to start anything at his own wedding, a New York groom promised to love, honor and obey his bride. But he didn't include his wife's mother.

One scientist declares that the gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by potassium phosphate, but it is hard to determine just how the knowledge helps a fellow on a dull day.

CHRONIC JAPANESE QUESTION

The exchange of cablegrams between the state department at Washington and the foreign office at Tokyo will not settle the Japanese question of California. Lecturing the people of the Pacific coast for interfering in international affairs will not settle it. The problem is there and bids fair to stick until one thing is done—the placing of restrictions upon Japanese immigration and Japanese occupation of land and Japanese commercial developments.

It is a matter of great importance that the friendly relations with Japan shall not be strained to the breaking point. But it is far more important that the Pacific coast of America shall remain a country in which a white man can make a living, can be on terms of intimacy with his neighbors and can maintain the standards of living and morality which he thinks proper.

So that if Japan's dignity is going to be injured and if she must find some other land on which to quarter her surplus population, she might as well suffer these hurts and inconveniences now as upon some other day. Japan has come very close to threatening the United States. If she must threaten, let her do so. If she must show how angry she feels and go blazing away with firearms, why the Japanese question will be just that much nearer settlement.

THE RIGHT THINGS IN SAUSAGE.

Just by way of showing the filtre of his courage at the very outset, the new secretary of agriculture has promulgated an order in which he defines sausage, describes its contents as it is usually met with in commerce and informs the makers and composers of it that they must keep within the bounds of government formula or there will be trouble.

Analysis and examinations at the department of agriculture have revealed the fact that a good deal of the sausage which crosses the butcher's counter contains thirty to forty per cent water and from eight to ten per cent of cereal.

The sausage consuming public has taken it for granted that sausage consisted of meat almost entirely, though it was careful not to make inquiry into just what meat had been employed. It recognized the truth of the adage that ignorance is bliss. But it has come as a disappointment to learn that sausage has been overcharged with corn meal and other cereals that were cheap and handy. Paying for water when one thought one was paying for beef or pork is enough to make one wonder if, after all, there hasn't been something in that song about the sausage wagging when some one whistled for Fido.

Sausage has come under the scope of government oversight and regulation. Considering what the government found it is high time. Mark up another credit to Uncle Sam's interest in his family.

HELPING ALONG THE I. W. W.'s

It must be said for the boomers of the Industrial Workmen of the World that they have an almost uncanny knowledge of the minds of the average police chief and municipal officer. Employing this knowledge, the I. W. W. get these men to do that which the I. W. W. wish to have done. They get them to play the I. W. W. game.

The city of San Diego gave the Industrial Workmen their greatest advertisement and advanced their cause the greatest by providing these brawlers and braggarts with the thorny crown of martyrdom. At Lawrence, a little show of reasonableness and indifference would have sent the I. W. W. campaigners out of the field and brought about a swifter and less costly settlement of the mill strike. Akron would have been barren ground for the I. W. W. had they not met with that foolish official opposition which brings them friends and recruits. The arrest of Haywood at Paterson, N. J., was in line with that mistaken policy. And now the chief of police of Denver meets the trains and has every man who looks, or smells, like an I. W. W. agent clapped into jail.

The philosophy of I. W. W. ism—if the thing can be called that—would get about five minutes' hearing in any audience of American workingmen if it had to be presented without emotionalism, without citing of instances of persecution, without appeals which touch the sense of common fairness. The American workmen have never taken kindly in the past to movements which have destruction for a basic principle. But through the muddle-headedness of public officers the I. W. W. have been permitted to steer clear of their policies and talk only of their wrongs. Where their cause has flourished it has been upon that.

A HALF-BAKED IDEA.

A clergyman in Oklahoma has announced that he will undertake the job of proposing marriage for any young man of his congregation so inclined who discovers his nerves too frail to undergo the ordeal.

"This proposition is made," said the minister, "for the reason that there are at least a dozen young men in the church who should be married before the end of June. The only conclusion to be drawn from the fact that many of these have been keeping company for months is that the young men are too bashful to ask the important question."

This is another instance of assuming a course of action before looking at all sides of a question, if it is not a case of breaking in where angels fear to tread. The well-meaning clergyman has left the young women out of consideration entirely. He has taken it for granted that being asked in marriage is the same thing to them as being asked to have ice cream at a church social. He does not know that a proposal represents an hour of triumph for a woman and that she would no more care for an offer of marriage by proxy than Napoleon would have cared to win Austerlitz through a stock broker.

The reverend gentleman has been too hasty. He should first have discussed the idea with his wife.

ACCORDING TO HIS TALENTS.

It is counted as one of Carl Hagenbeck's remarkable achievements that he changed a timid brother-in-law into an animal trainer, wholly without fear and possessed of the supremest confidence in himself.

This brother-in-law, Mehrmann by name, had failed in business several times. Hagenbeck told him there was nothing else for him save to become an animal trainer. The thought of it well-nigh frightened Mehrmann into illness. But Hagenbeck was obdurate and, arming his brother-in-law with a stick, compelled him to enter a cage of young lions. The beasts walked about him, sniffed at him, and finally decided that he was a friend. Thereafter they did whatever Mehrmann wished and the timid man of business developed into a trainer whose power over animals put him upon the level with the most famous trainers of the world. Hagenbeck told afterwards that he had observed the qualities of patience and kindness in his relative. These he thought invaluable for one who had anything to do with caged brutes.

The lesson of Mehrmann's life seems to be that there is a place for everyone in this world, the difficulty lying simply in finding just what that place it. We can conceive of a school so wisely conducted that teachers would learn the niche to which each pupil is fitted and of a state so administered that every citizen would be planted where he will be the most happy and bring the greatest benefits to his race.

AFTER THE "GUN TOTER."

The westerner no longer feels that he has left off an important article of apparel when he has gone forth among his fellow workmen or fellow business men without a "gun." His pockets no longer sag with hardware, nor is it considered the brightest kind of repartee for him to answer a witticism by shooting away some one's left ear. "Gun-toting" has gone out in the far west, but it has developed into one of the most common of the vices with which eastern and middle western industrial centers are afflicted.

Some of the more adventurous of the foreigners who come to these communities interpret their newly discovered freedom as a license. The carrying of revolvers is one of the things they take to most eagerly and to this is largely due the Sunday night shooting scrapes and the score or so of murders which occur in this city in the course of a year. Other industrial cities suffer from the same evil connection of fiery temper and firearms.

The Williams bill, which has passed both house and senate of Ohio will make "gun-toting" a penitentiary offense. Our chief believes it will be useful in breaking up the habit and helping along the cause of law and order. It is worth trying, anyway. Men who have no dread of the trivial fine and the lecture from the bench, followed by the suspended sentence, may feel very differently about the matter if they learn that their custom of loading themselves down with deadly weapons means a long visit to Columbus.

SHERMAN LAW EXEMPTIONS.

The New York Evening Globe advises business men to raise no objection to President Wilson's recommendations of exemptions for labor unions and farmers' associations in prosecutions under the Sherman anti-trust law. These two exemptions, that newspaper is confident, will lead to others until finally the bill is repealed and the business world emancipated. "Moreover," says the Globe, "the exemption would make no practical difference in the policy of the Department of Justice."

No one heard of Attorney General Wickersham, with all his zeal, bringing a suit to dissolve labor unions or to prevent fruit growers selling their products at one price through a common agent. Attorney General McReynolds, one may confidently predict, will be equally blind to restraints of trade when the restraining is by associations of large memberships. The complained of "rider" merely prohibits the department from doing that which it would not do anyway.

The strength of the Sherman law lay principally in the fact that it was all-embracing, peppering away at everything with the impartiality of a Gatling gun. The law-makers hesitated to tinker with a statute so unbiased even though administrators of the law did discriminate in applying it. President Wilson would have congress establish this privilege of practise into a privilege by statute. It is to be hoped that his advice is taken. It will surely lead to overhauling the entire Sherman act.

A SURE CROP.

The New England farmer of the poem, who boasted that his land bore him each year a dependable crop of boulders was no better off than the state universities which, storm or flood, civil war or panic, appropriation or no appropriation, bring forth a heavy yield of glee club singers.

Sowed in the light of the moon or in the dark makes no difference. Haphazard and rule of the thumb gardening, seed selection and intensive farming, they neither bring about a shortage nor greatly increase the return. It is just an average crop, but sure. The glee singers spring into being as the johnny-jump-ups jump from the woodside moss. Cultivation plays small part in their production. Even cultivation of voices.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Subscribers Whose Time Expires in May

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of May, our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. Our new premium—Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets, description of which appears in another location on this page, is meeting with great favor among our readers. We will continue our Nottingham lace curtain offer indefinitely as this premium is growing more popular every year.

It affords us great pleasure to state that nearly every subscriber whose time expired last month, renewed for the coming year and that a greater number than ever took advantage of our propositions Nos. 3 and 4—sending us clubs of ten and twenty names.

We feel absolutely certain that the same will be true regarding May renewals and of the great many old subscribers who sent us clubs of four last year, we particularly wish to impress upon you how very easy it will be to make your club ten or twenty names.

The Weekly Blade is unquestionably the best family newspaper published in America, and is known and valued everywhere newspapers are read. Over 240,000 families throughout the United States are readers of the Weekly Blade, (estimating over 1,000,000 readers weekly)—surely a Great National Family.

We particularly wish to call your attention to the fact that it is very important that all who receive our May proposition give attention to their renewal before June 1, because when a name is dropped from our list, the address is entirely lost to us, and we are therefore unable to make the offer again.

LITTLE FATHER OF THE NORTHWEST

When James J. Hill announced a year or two ago that he was about to retire from business, it was a day of unhappiness and mourning for all the great northwest. He had linked them by rail with the two oceans. He had given nerve and strength to tremulous little towns. He had been guide and counsel to the discouraged. He had been the almanac which had told what to sow and when to seed. And when the occasion called for it, he had been the voice which had expressed the northwest's contempt and pity for the effete east. The northwest knew what it was about to lose and set listlessly about the task of fastening crape around its hatbands.

But retirement from business meant for James J. Hill something else than it sounded. He quit his office, but he did not quit the task of encouraging and scolding and fathering and bragging about the northwest. We discover him now informing the reporters in New York city that while railroads in the east should exercise extreme caution, the northwest is in beautiful condition, the farmers there better off and the banks so strong they wouldn't yield to dynamite. There has been some carelessness in letting cattle and hog raising run down. Too much wheat is raised in the northwest, but much of it will be displaced by oats and barley, on which cattle will be fed. The northwest doesn't need corn. The prize steer never saw an ear of it. Montana was drawing settlers from the Canadian provinces, all of whom were doing nicely. And so on, the news of the northwest laced with pride and hope and an unfathomable affection.

The northwest is fortunate. The middle west would give much to have a patriarch as wise and kindly.

HIDES AND SUGAR.

At the urgent solicitation of the shoe manufacturers of New England and in the face of protests from Texas, the duty was removed from hides in 1909. The effect of this reduction as a reduction, was nothing so far as the ultimate purchasers of boots and shoes were concerned. Prices of footgear were lowered. Upon the contrary, certain lines of shoes sell now at a higher price than they sold before the shoe manufacturers succeeded in getting the duties removed.

The average price of sugar ranged higher while the low Wilson tariff was in force than it has ranged while the present tariff has provided protection. In case the protection is removed from sugar, we shall depend for our supply upon Cuba and Europe. With Louisiana ceasing to raise sugar cane and with the beet sugar factories of the north and west closed, prices will, in every likelihood, swing back to what they were under the Wilson tariff.

Considering that Uncle Sam has lost an enormous revenue by taking the duty from hides while the ultimate consumers of hides have profited nothing, and considering again that Uncle Sam will lose $50,000,000 annual revenue of the duty is taken from sugar while the ultimate consumers will very likely pay more for sugar, it is best to look upon the word "free" in the tariff bill, in at least some instances, as being in the nature of sarcasm.

One can't get very well acquainted with Spring by sitting in a dark room gazing out of the window at a dirty brick wall.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says people will eat no meat a hundred years from now. Well, that will be their business.

An adjournment of a legislature is something like the doings during the last day of an old-fashioned country school.

Somebody sent us what he thought was a Ben Davis apple, but just to prove that it wasn't, we ate it.

It does seem as if there should have been a brief conciliatory note from Mrs. Champ Clark, also.

"Where does a noise go?" asks the Boston Globe. Some of the big noises go to congress.

A Poem Worth While

Over the Hills of April.

Bliss Carman.

Over the hills of April,
With soft winds hand-in-hand,
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,
Spring lends her saraband.
Her garments float and gather
And swirl along the plain,
Her headgear is the golden sun,
Her cloak the silver rain.

The bluebird in the orchard
Is lyrical for her,
The starling with his meadow pipe
Sets all the woods astir.
The hooded white spring-beauties
Are curtsying in the breeze,
The blue hepaticas are out
Under the chestnut trees.

O heart, hear thou the summons,
Put every grief away.
When all the motley masques of earth
Are glad upon a day.
Alack, that any mortal
Should less than gladness bring
Into the choral joy that sounds
The saraband of spring.

Illiteracy and the Country School

NOT immigration but the lack of educational opportunities in rural districts is chiefly responsible for the relatively high rate of illiteracy in the United States, according to a bulletin by A. C. Monahan, of the Bureau of Education.

The rate of rural illiteracy is twice the urban rate, despite the fact that approximately three-fourths of the immigrants are in the cities. Still more significant is a comparison between children born in this country of foreign parents and those born of native parents.

"The illiteracy among native born children of native parentage is more than three times as great as among native children of foreign parentage," says Mr. Monahan, "largely on account of the lack of opportunity for education in rural America."

Among other things, Mr. Monahan finds 226,000 one-teacher schoolhouses in the United States, of which 5,000 are log buildings still in active use. Although more than 60 per cent of the children in the United States are enrolled in country schools, the rural aggregate attendance is only 51 per cent. The school buildings and grounds in most country districts are in a condition that is only approached by "homes of the most shiftless residents of the district," and the average teaching in these one-teacher schools is of very low grade.

With the help of recent appropriations made by congress the Bureau of Education has undertaken to make a careful study of the needs of the rural schools, and the bulletin just issued is one of the first definite results of the work.

"It is in no way either complete or exhaustive," says Commissioner Claxton, "but it is the best possible under the circumstances and with the facilities now at our disposal. Incomplete as it is, this bulletin makes a very valuable contribution to a clear understanding of the rural schools as they actually are.

"DEVILS' ROOFS"

Hidden Perils for the Antarctic Explorer.

"Visitors to Switzerland alone can appreciate the dangers of crevasses in the ice sheets. But in the Antarctic they are more numerous and attain far greater dimensions than in Switzerland," said L. C. Bernacchi, the explorer, to a London Chronicle reporter. They lie hidden under the snow and very often the explorer does not know that he is on a crevasse until he has traveled some yards, and then he hears a hollow sound. He will then wonder whether to go on or turn back, but experience has taught that the greater danger may be incurred by turning back.

"Crevasses are peculiar to the ice sheets over land. They are non-existent at the North Pole because there the ice is a frozen ocean. All Antarctic expeditions have had to negotiate the difficulties of crevasses, and sometimes their existence has compelled the explorer to make a detour of many miles.

"Where land juts out into the sea, or, to be more precise, into an ice sheet in the Antartic, several crevasses will be found radiating from this point. Some have been known to be 50 yards wide and 2,000 feet deep. Instances are also found where a sledge has sunk half way through the ice roof and has been rescued with the greatest difficulty. In these cases the explorers were luckily roped to the sledge, but they had the uncomfortable experience of being suspended over a deep chasm."

Capt. Amundsen calls the treacherous snow which conceals a crevasse "The Devil's Roof," while both the late Capt. Scott and Sir Ernest Shackelton have described them exhaustively in their books.

Elegant Three-Piece Lace Bed Set

Quality

Each set is made from a very fine quality of genuine Nottingham lace. Strong and of good wearing quality.

Sizes

The size of the spread is 60 x 90, with two shams to match, size 30 x 30.

The Weekly Blade's New Premium

The above illustration does but little justice to this beautiful and attractive Lace Bed Set. The design is the **Deer Medallion** pattern—a combination representing lace and floral effects with realistic deer centerpieces, and has been so beautifully worked out that the whole effect is positively the handsomest and most refined we have ever seen. We selected this pattern in preference to many others submitted.

The beauty of this lacy Bed Set is still further brought out by the use of a pink, blue or yellow cambric lining, which is very cheap and can be purchased at any dry goods store. You should have a set for all your beds, as it adds greatly to the attractiveness of the room, besides it is very new and fashionable.

This particular design of Bed Set is made especially for us, and we were compelled to contract for the entire production of a large eastern lace mill in order that we might have exclusive right to this pattern.

We Do Not Sell These Lace Bed Sets

But give one set (one spread and two shams to match) free, postpaid by mail, for every club of 20 subscribers. The retail price of this set in local stores would be from $2.50 to $3.00.

We are sure that any of our readers receiving one of these Bed Sets will be more than pleased.

See our "Notice to Subscribers," which appears on this page, for **further explanation of how to obtain this beautiful premium.**

Sunday School

WHEN GUILE CONQUERED GOODNESS

International Sunday School Lesson for April 27 Is, "Joseph Sold Into Egypt." Gen. 37.

(By William T. Ellis).

For eight weeks the Sunday Schools of the world will be studying the story of Joseph, the Old Testament tale which is so dramatic that it is now running in New York City's largest theatre as a play. Childhood counts the story a favorite, and poet and philosopher find life's deepest lessons in it.

The experiences of Joseph are full of adventure and romance, and for the first time in the Genesis narrative, the events recorded concerning a Bible character are also related in secular history. Joseph is a connecting link between the story of the Book and the story on the monuments. His biography is probably the greatest of the Old Testament stories. Every chapter in it is fraught with significance for today.

Some Family Faults.

The eleventh son of his father, Joseph was the first child of the beloved Rachel. The children born of Leah and the concubines had no such place in Jacob's heart as Joseph, the child of his love. He showed his preference openly, and made it clear to all the world by adorning the lad with a coat of many colors, a mark of honor. The first fault we charge up against Jacob in this story is this display of favoritism. A parent offends against his office as parent when he loves one child above another. All children may not be alike, but the parent's duty is equal toward all.

As fruit follows flower, and as flower follows seed, so jealousy follows favoritism in the family of Jacob. The ten older brothers were envious of this son who was the recipient of such special attentions from their father. It is true that Joseph may have been a bit of a prig, and his tale-bearing does not look well, although it was probably only the guilelessness that characterized him through these early chapters of the biography. Certainly the son of Rachel was not of the same timber and temperament as his rough and ready, field-trained older brothers, with their queer notions of justice and support.

A Gentle Lad in a Rough Crowd.

There are more tragedies on the playground and in the school than ever find their way into literature. No artist has yet written an adequate portrayal of the torments and terrors of the gentle-souled youth of fine grain whose lot is cast amid rough, uncomprehending and unsympathetic companions. To be called a "mollycoddle" or a "sissy" is the least of the soul burden which such a one bears.

These epithets are but the crowd's way of saying, "You are different from us"—and to be different from them is the sum of all offending in the eyes of most folk. Joseph suffered more than we know at the hands of his brethren, long before he began to tell them dreams. They could not see any elements of greatness in his more sensitive nature, or in his sweet and simple candor. We are reminded that many men today are boasting that they knew as boys certain distinguished persons at whom in childhood they used to scoff. The tendency of the crowd is to pull all others to its level. In a recent Lippincott's Magazine, Marguerite O. B. Wilkinson had a striking poem full of this practical philosophy:

He set his hand to the plow one day,
While yet his years were few,
Resolved to mark a distant field
With furrows firm and true.
His arms were strong for the toil of life,
His heart was all afire,
Till a neighbor laughed and turned him home,
Rebuking his desire:
"You are too young, you are too poor,
you are too weak," said he.
"Best leave such tasks to the rich and great, and strive to be like me!"

The rosy Love brought grand largesse
To his very cottage door,
A maid of mystery and of charm
God never gave before;
And the lad held out dumb hands of Hope
To the mighty fires of Peace,
Till the neighbor passed with tongue in cheek,
And then he sought release.
"You are too dull," the neighbor said,
"to shine by such as she.
"Find you a girl of common clay to wed, and be like me."

So time sped by, till the fading day
Could bring but one last chance
To break the bonds of a sordid life
And conquer Circumstance;
And, well-nigh spent, he sought the road
To the heights where life is great,
Eager to reach one shining goal,
But his neighbor whispered, "Wait—
You are too old to do it now—it is far too late," said he.
"I could not do it myself, you know, and you are just like me!"

The Candid Dreamer.

Guilelessness is a quality of the virtuous, but it is not always a virtue. It is not necessary to tell all that one knows or thinks. Joseph's mistake was not in having the dreams—"the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts"—but in telling them to his uncomprehending and ill-thinking brothers. A simple, ingenuous and generous soul himself, he was eager to share with others everything that interested him. The lesson of prudence and subtlety would have to be learned in the hard school of life.

In the dreams that he ill-advisedly told, Joseph had see 11 sheaves of wheat bowing down to him. Later he saw the sun, moon and 11 stars doing obeisance. Of course the interpretation lay on the surface, that he should be exalted above his family and bear rule over them. It is notable that the dream was respected by all who heard it, little as they liked it, and little as they honored the dreamer therefor. All signs of superior worth are resented by inferior people. Ignoble minds can be more tolerant of those who do wrong than of those who do virtuously. There is something in human nature that persecutes "Aristides the Just."

Of course the 11 sons of Jacob could not be expected to perceive that in cherishing the grievance against their brother they were but hurting their own characters, and impairing their own souls. Whoever exercises hospitality toward low and vengeful thoughts is injuring first and most his own spirit. Hate's arrows all fly backwards.

A Trap for the Dreamer.

The fact is not to be overlooked that it is the dreamers who are sent to carry messages to Garcia. Jacob had a hard errand of 70 or 80 miles, through Hebron up to Shechem. He chose for it, not a servant, or a sturdy retainer with a club, but this same delicate Joseph, who had the greatness of soul which is the true hero stuff. It is not your big bully who wins in life, but the fine spirited, delicate, imaginative dreamer who dares to follow his gleam to the uttermost. Joseph knew well the enemies that lurked on the way of the long journey up to Shechem. He felt, more than his tougher muscled brothers, the burden of the food he carried. He suffered most in the cold and lonely nights when he wrapped his mantle around him and lay down to sleep. Nevertheless, he said, "Here am I," when Jacob called him, and then went and found his brothers, even though they had gone from Shechem.

What a person says or does on impulse reveals his character. The cry of "Fire" in a crowd reveals the character of all who hear it by their first instinctive actions. On impulse one of the brothers of Joseph cried, "Here comes that dreamer: let's slay him." They were murderers at heart. Their unnatural nature is shown more clearly here than in any of the other episodes of the past. Even Reuben, although he himself had been guilty of an unnatural offense, revolted from the fratricidal program.

A compromise was effected, and Joseph was thrown into a pit, a bottle-shaped cistern, which held him prisoner like a rat in a jug, while his brothers proceeded calmly to eat the food which he had brought them.

From Slavery to Sceptre.

A caravan of desert men, Ismaelites and Midianites, from down the Red Sea way, inveterate traders, happened along with a load of spices. They were bound for Egypt, which is to this day a great mart of the east. Judah, whose name suggests the like-minded Judas, proposed that they sell the brother, thus serving the double purpose of getting rid of him and making profit. Then, as now, the Arab was a slave trader, and the Midianites were quite willing to buy this fair youth for a bit of trade on the side, and they struck a bargain with his brothers for 20 pieces of silver. The whole transaction recalls the Judas episode and the 30 pieces of silver, when a greater than Joseph was betrayed.

To end the episode, these precious brothers took Joseph's fine coat and dipped it in the blood of a kid, concocting a story of his having been slain by a wild beast. Perhaps as they put the kid to this use of deceit, they recalled Jacob's own deception of his father by the same agency. The heartless crew thought that once Jacob's suspicions were set at rest the incident would be closed.

Little did they imagine—for they were not an imaginative sort—that they were sending on his way to a sceptre the brother whom they had enslaved. No man can thwart God's purposes for another or permanently injure another's character. Only Joseph could mar Joseph's destiny. All roads lead to the success of the man worthy of success and designed for success by Jehovah.

PRODUCES STINGLESS BEE

Englishman Succeeds in Getting a Harmless Bumbler.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

The man who is fond of honey, but who has hitherto hesitated to establish an apiary in his backyard, through a very natural fear of the stinging tendencies of the honey bee, may now take heart. The production of the stingless bee is announced from London.

For the present we do not even know the full name of the genius who has thus converted the busy bee into a perfectly harmless worker. All that has thus far been vouchsafed concerning him is that he is a Mr. Burrows, an apiarist of Loughton in Essex, that he has devoted two years to experiments and that he has finally evolved the stingless bee by mating the Cyprian drone with the Italian queen. Fuller and more detailed information doubtless will follow. So great a benefactor to the race will not be permitted to hide his light under a bushel for very long.

The coming of the stingless bee should make us all bold. No longer from a respectable distance, will we watch the wizard or hypnotist encourage bees to swarm on his hands and arms that he may transfer them to another hive. On the contrary we will all blithely and with no thought of serious consequences invade the domain of the honey-makers. At least, we will as soon as we have received positive assurance that the old race of stinging bees has been exterminated, or else that a sure way of labeling their inocuous successors has been invented. During the period of transition it will hardly be wise or safe to take too much for granted.

VARIETIES

Pittsburg is clamoring for more skilled workmen.

There are 56, 527,000 cattle on United States farms.

India has produced 58,243,000,000 pounds of rice this season.

The desert area of the earth is said to be 4,180,000 square miles in extent.

Sydney, Australia, is planning to build a model suburb for workingmen people.

Cleveland public library patrons annually wear out twenty thousand volumes.

Within the last ten years gold has been mined in every Chilean province.

The University of Oxford has the reputation of having been founded by King Alfred in 872.

A self-illuminating car paint has been devised by which it is possible to see a motor car at a distance of a mile.

An asbestos-lined vest pocket in which a lighted cigar can be carried safely has been invented by a Philadelphia tailor.

In the United States are 735 coal mines, each of which produces more than 200,000 tons annually.

The temperature of steam at a pressure of one pound a square inch is 216.3 Fahrenheit.

On a test, paper insulation on exposed electric wires has withstood service for 23 years.

To bore the deepest hole in the world, an opening in Silesia 7,350 feet deep, cost more than $10 a foot.

Chicago's grand opera season just closed shows receipts of more than $500,000, against $480,000 last season.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad has 22,716 stockholders of whom 10,102 are women.

The congress of Uruguay is planning to make the manufacture of alcohol a government monopoly.

The United States imported 95,000,000 pounds and exported 70,000,000 pounds of tinplate in 1911.

Korean waters are rich in whales this year. The boats of one company caught a dozen of them in one day.

Russia is becoming constantly more able to supply many of its own wants even in the higher classes of machinery.

A process for coloring light-hued pineapples by injecting cane sugar sirup into them has been patented by a Honolulu man.

Much lower temperatures have been noted in Siberia than those recorded by the Mawson expedition into the Antarctic.

Los Angeles has mapped out certain sections of the city available for factories, and decreed their banishment from residential sections.

One of the important functions of the government in Germany is the issuing of permits to hunters. The revenue thus obtained is about $1,500,000 annually.

Metallurgists, steel makers and rail users of the world are recognizing that the original seat of the defect which result in broken rails is the ingot.

The earliest attempt at sewing machinery of which there is an authentic record was in 1775, in which year a machine was patented in England by Charles F. Weisenthal.

Even under the most favorable conditions white, yellow, green and red are the only colored lights which can be projected more than three miles through lenses.

In the height of the Mississippi river floods last year the flow was 2,300,000 cubic feet a second, or 10 times the amount of water that passes over Niagara Falls.

Among bachelors between the ages of 30 and 45 the mortality is very high—about 27 per cent—while among the married men of hte same period it is only 18 per cent.

Since alfalfa was introduced into Argentina cattle have been marketed a year younger than when the animals were fed on native grasses.

The copper production of the Ashio mines, Japan, in 1912, was about 20,000 tons. A large increase in production is expected from these in 1913.

Thirty thousand deer die in California each year, the victims of hunters and preying animals, according to a report issued by the state fish and game commission. Of this number about 10,000 are killed by hunters.

A talking machine may be made to repeat a record through the invention by a German of a disk on which is a return groove to carry the needle automatically from the end back to the starting point.

Some of the vast private parks of England are likely to be restored to agricultural use. Blenheim park, one of the most magnificent of these parks, is, it is announced, in part at least, soon to be put under the plow.

A ditch 11 miles long, and from 5 to 110 feet wide, has been completed in Clay county, South Dakota. It will drain nearly 7,000 acres of valuable lands. About 1,700,000 cubic yards of earth were removed.

Notwithstanding the unmistakable signs of an early completion of the Panama canal, there are more men employed on the canal zone than at any previous time—more than 40,000. The whole organization is working at its maximum capacity.

Buenos Ayres is to outdo the Eiffel tower of Paris by erecting a structure 1,067 feet high, topped by a 105-foot statue bearing a million candlepower searchlight. The Argentine tower will thus be 1,173 feet high, exceeding the Eiffel tower's height by 189 feet.

French army engineers have designed a field gun for firing at airships that is carried on the rear of an automobile, can be aimed almost vertically and is proivded with mechanism to relieve the automobile of the recoil shock.

So that a sufferer from rheumatism can have practically continuous electrical treatment a Colorado man has invented apparatus consisting of insoles for shoes, connected by wires to a storage battery to be carried in the pocket.

There has been no very great migration of negroes out of the south, nearly nine-tenths of the total number being still found in that section. The number living outside the south increased 167,000 between 1900 and 1910, while the number residing in the south increased over 800,000.

A new electrical device directs a current either of cold or hot air on a given point. It is made of aluminum and weighs only two pounds, and may conveniently be used for drying hair for cosmetic treatment, or for any purpose in which quick drying is requisite.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

"Remembering the great love of his highness, Tusilata, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present, this road which we have dug forever."

In a far off island, thousands of miles from the mainland, and unconnected with this world by cable, stands this inscription. It was set up at the corner of a new road, cut through a tropical jungle and bears at its head, the title of this article signed by the names of ten prominent chiefs. This is the story of the road and why it was built.

Some years ago, a Scotchman, broken in health and expecting an early death, sought out this lonely spot, because here the climate was favorable to the disease from which he suffered. He settled here for what remained of his life.

He bought an estate of several hundred acres and threw himself earnestly into the life of the natives of the island. There was great division among the chiefs and prolonged warfare. Very soon, this chief found that this stranger from a strange land was their best friend. They began coming for counsel and invited him to their most important conferences. Though he did not bear that name he became a missionary to them. He was their hero and they loved and trusted him because he tried to lead them aright. They never had had such a friend. And so it came about, that when the wars ceased the chiefs of both sides called him by a name of their own and made him one of their own number, thus conferring upon him the highest honor within their power. But many of the chiefs were still in prison and in constant danger of being put to death. Their sole friend was the Scotchman, whom they called Tusilata. He visited them, comforted them and repeated passages from the story of Christ to them and busied himself incessantly to effect their release.

At length he obtained their freedom, and then, glowing with gratitude in spite of age, decrepitude and loss of strength, they started directly for his estate and there in the terrible heat, they labored for weeks, in building him a road which they knew he had long desired.

Love conquers weakness and they did not cease their handiwork until their work, which they called the "Road of the Loving Heart," was finished. Not long afterward, the White Chief suddenly died. At the news, the native chiefs flocked from all parts of the island, and all night sat in silence about him. One feeble, old man threw himself on his knees, beside the body of his benefactor and cried out between his sobs: "I am only a poor, black man and ignorant, yet I am not afraid to come and take the last look at my dead friend's face. Behold, Tusilata is dead. We were in prison and he cared for us. Who is there so great as Tusilata? Who is there more loving, compassionate? What is your love to his love? The day was no longer than his kindness."

So the chiefs took their friend to the top of a steep mountain which he had loved and there buried him. It was a mighty task.

The civilized world mourns the great author. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson is lastingly inwrought into English literature. But the Samoans mourn, in his loss, a brother who outdid all others in loving kindness and so long as the island in the Pacific exists, Tusilata will be gratefully remembered, not because he was so greatly gifted, but because he was a good man.

The phrase, "The Road of the Loving Heart" is a gospel in itself. "The day is no longer than his kindness" is a new beatitude. Fame dies and honors perish, but loving kindness is immortal.—From The Little Colonel's House Party, by Annie Fellows Johnstone.

The Pyramid Temple of El Castillo, Yucatan

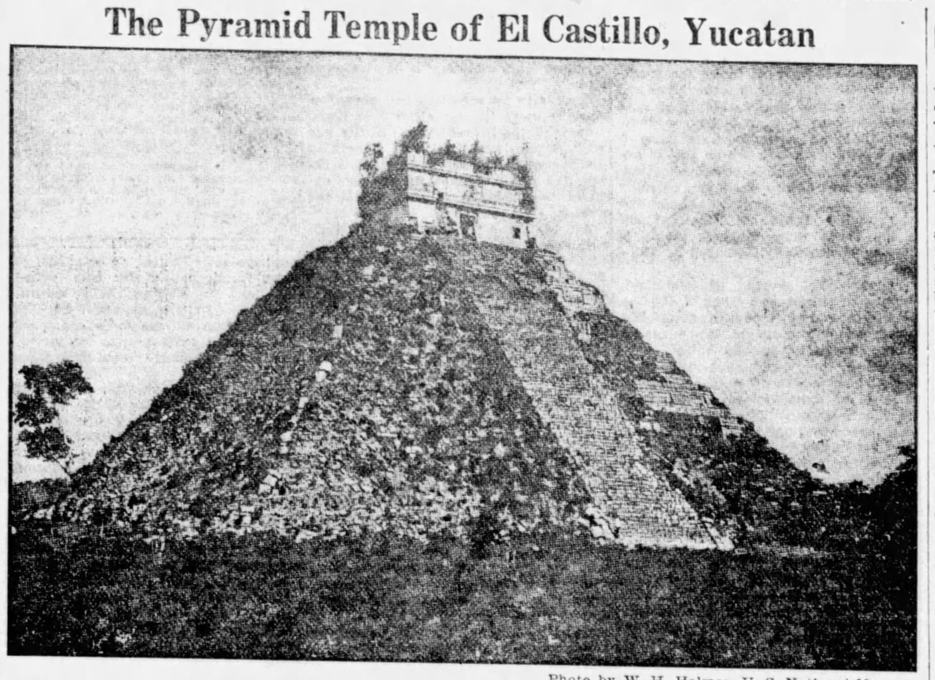


Photo by W. H. Holmes, U. S. National Museum.

THIS is one of the finest pyramid temples in all Mexico. It is 80 feet high and 200 feet square at its base. It fronts a little east of due north and has stairways on all four sides. The walls of the temple which occupy the apex are three feet thick and are of plain masonry, but the pillars and portals are covered with sculpture in relief. A curious, warlike, human figure and colossal serpent heads are frequently repeated in the scheme of decoration, and the temple was possibly dedicated to the war god of the Itzas.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

It was my intention to publish, in closing the series of suffrage letters, one for and one against the movement, giving equal space to either side.

A slight change in the make-up of the page caused a delay in the appearance of the letter in favor of suffrage, and it is printed today, giving to the women what they have always claimed as their chief right,—the last word. MARTHA HOLDEN.

FOR WOMAN'S FREEDOM

I wish to speak briefly of the treatment the suffragists received at Washington March 3. I cannot understand how any person after the happening of that day can boast of this grand, glorious country. A country that is even civilized should remember that day with shame. A band of women striving for their rights—rights that are really theirs without any effort on their part—to be treated in this disgraceful manner, is something that every true man is ashamed of. Many a man who will go to the polls and vote against equal suffrage because a woman's place is at home taking care of his children, and has no time to waste voting will not hesitate to ask her to desert her fort long enough to help him in the field, perhaps to haul a whole load of grain to the granary. While he is at some country store discussing the news of the day. She will split and carry in her own stovewood, or even go to the woods and break limbs to cook his meals.

I may never have the privilege of voting, but most assuredly the time is not far hence when equal suffrage will be in all states. And many thanks to the true men that help shorten the time.—Mrs. D. C. B., Ind.

CHILD NATURE

I like the talks on raising children. They can not all be governed alike. We have two, one girl and one boy, while our boy's nature is so strange he does not like to be petted much. The baby girl, just past 2, is sweet tempered, mild, and likes petting. She will put her arms around my neck and say, "Pretty mamma." And as for my John, I think he is the best ever. We have been married 11 years. Of course our pathway has not all been strewn with roses, but I try to find the rose instead of the thorns. We all have our dark seasons, but it takes them to make us enjoy the sunshine. Our home is now in town, situated on the great Kanawha river. We have a nice view, while we can see all over the town in winter, when there is no green foliage, but I love the dear old country home. The air seems purer, the birds sing sweeter, and everything in nature seems to sing.—Mrs. C. F., Charleston, W. Va.

KNOWS WHAT HEALTH MEANS

Here we meet for health, happiness and good cheer. Do we all know for what that motto stands? Yes, I believe we do, but I don't think that those who are well realze what the word health means, to the extent that we who are afflicted do.

Thank God that I am gettng nearer to the word health all the time, and one never knows what health really is till they have it not.

I have been on my back for over a year with spinal trouble, but it is nearly unbearable to stay down when my release from prison is so near; only about a month longer till I will be able to help myself again, but, dear friends, it seems a long way off to me. Still, God only knows how thankful I am for my release, for think how many there are with the same trouble who will never be able to take another step in this world. I have learned what the word health and health itself really is and I want that along with my happiness and good cheer.—R. F. C., Iowa.

GOOD HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS

I have been a constant reader of the Blade for years. I get a great many good thoughts and ideas from reading it, and this is my first letter to the Blade. I see so much about hobbies. Will you please let me suggest a hobby now? If you will, here is a good one for all of us readers; it is, "Good Health Without Drugs." I am reading some about diets, and a proper balanced ration for people who do labor and for those who are not hard laborers, also the per cent of nutrition and muscle and brain food and heat, etc., there is in our various foods, bread, beef, vegetables and fruits, and also various movement cures, baths, out-of-door life and all the various cures without the use of drugs. Some very lean persons and sickly say they cure themselves by changing their food, and become strong and healthy without the use of drugs. Now if we can be cured in these ways it will be good for a great many people to learn of these methods of cure, so let us start this hobby, "good health without drugs." I have seen a book titled, "The Secret of Health." If any of The Blade readers has one, please inform through the Peace Page who is the author of it and where it is published? I should like to get one of them. Let us hear from as many as can. I will be very much obliged to you if you will tell me of this book also. Yours truly, From a Grand Army Boy of Iowa.

THE PHILOSOPHER

As I have been reading some of the helpful letters, I thought I would write and tell the dear sisters of my happy home. I have a kind and loving husband and two sweet babes, one 2 years and a half and the other 5 months old. We live in Tennessee, three miles from Kingsport, on a rented farm. I raise chickens and tend my garden and I care for the little ones and do my washing and all my housework, and keep two boarding hands. You see I have my hands full, but then it makes me happy to have work to do. When I get worried about things going wrong I go on about my work, singing as happy as a bird. Just think all things for the best. And when my husband comes in from work I always try to have everything neat and clean and something good prepared to eat, and the little ones with clean faces, and have a kind word to say, and he will not come in growling. We have been married four years and I think my home the happiest place in the world. Home is just what we make it. —Martha Hurd, Tennessee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

If our minds are full of good, cheerful, healthy thoughts, how can there be any room for thoughts of envy, jealousy or greed? Wouldn't this be one instance of it being advisable to "corner the market?" Besides, if we keep our mind flooded with sunshine any morbid germs trying to locate there would find themselves facing the sign, "Not wanted." Here's hoping.—A New Thoughter.

To get up each morning determined to be happy, determined to be master of events of the day instead of being mastered by them; to take anew this attitude of mind when the doleful thought presents itself or the bogy-man attempts to show his face; to look always on the bright side of things, determined to stand always in the sunshine rather than in the shadow—this it is that makes life with its daily round and its knotty problems continually easier. This hopeful, optimistic, courage-always-up attitude of mind and heart, is to set into operation subtle, silent forces, that are continually working along the lines we are going, and that opens the way for us to arrive.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

POST CARD EXCHANGE

Inez Geary, Pleasant City, O.
Ada Saladay, Glenwood, O.
Lila Trewhitt, Paris, Mich.
Mary E. Hurd, Mahaffey, Pa.
Lora Carroll, Elijay, Ga.
L. L. Kirker, Carson City, Mich.
A. L. Harrison, Carson City, Mich.
Lottie Whisnant, Hollis, N. C.
Tom Brunson, St. Joe, Ind.
Sibyl Lilly, Lilly, W. Va.
Lena Broce, Lilly, W. Va.
Claude Broce, Lilly, W. Va.
Luther Broce, Lilly, W .Va.
Arlie Legg, Vinton, W. Va.
Vinnie Dubois, Onaway, Mich.
Mrs. Melissa Gibson, Winterset, Ia.
Gertrude Cofer, Sweet Water, Tenn.
George Hempstead, Donnansville, N. Y.
Lelia Cook, Versailles, N. C.
Alice Conrad, Blue Spring, W. Va.
Lola Marie Whitt, Cletus, N. C.
Perry Case, Lagrange, Ind.
Pearl Hamilton, Fairfield, Iowa.

ADDRESSES WANTED

Mabel McC., of Va.
Isabel French.
A Praying Mother.
Florence Bassett of Montana.
Mrs. Lacey of Mich.
Western Girl.
Mrs. L. A. G., California.
Mrs. Sally Gobble, Va.
T. A. Hampton.
M. E. S.
Mrs. M. F. B.
Tuzza Muzza.
S. J. S., Colorado.
Teacher of Ark.
Mrs. C. F. Ashbaugh, O.
Eugenia E. Foster.
Lucy Osborn, Ind.
Helen R. Alber.
Mrs. Elsie Alvis.
Minnie B., of Oregon.
The Mother of Evelyn Charlotte Baldwin.

Will readers of Peace Page send letters, cards or quilt pieces to a tiny lady who has been a deformed invalid all her life? She is now troubled with a sore foot, and as she lives alone and can hardly get about, time passes very slowly.

She certainly will appreciate words of cheer and any scrap pieces which will help her to pass time. Address all to Miss Melissa Ream, Sixth avenue, Lancaster Ohio. Thanking you in advance.—O. M. Y.

OUR COOK BOOK

Iced Fig Pudding—Cook half a cupful of rice in milk until soft, then press it through a sieve, and to the puree thus obtained add the beaten yolks of two eggs and half a cupful of powdered sugar, stirring well until thoroughly blended, then add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one pint of whipped cream, and half a pound of finely minced figs. Turn into freezer and freeze hard, serving it molded in croquette forms resting on small squares of sponge cake.

Salad Dressing.—Two eggs, ½ cup of vinegar, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 small teaspoonful of flour, mix flour and sugar, a little salt, pepper and mustard, add butter, eggs and vinegar, and boil until thickened. When ready to use stir in 1 cup of sweet or sour cream, flavor lightly with extract of celery and pour over salad.

Carrot Pudding—One and one-half cups of flour, one cup each of sugar, raisins, currants, suet, chopped fine, grated potatoes and carrots, a good pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and half teaspoonful of cloves, half a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a half teacupful of warm water. Mix all the ingredients, and add the soda and water, let steam 3 hours. Serve with any preferred pudding sauce. Add more fruit if you wish, the more the better.—Just Plain Mary.

Mother's Never Failing Yeast—Boil 6 large potatoes and mash fine, boil 1 handful of hops, strain and add the water to the potatoes, also the water in which the potatoes were boiled, place the pan on the stove and when it boils stir in 4 tablespoonsful of flour wet with cold water, add ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup salt, 1 teaspoonful ginger, when cool add 2 yeast cakes, well soaked. When light set in cool place, use 1 cupful for a baking of 6 loaves.

Crumpets—Four eggs, 2 cups white sugar, 1 cup butter of lard, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in one-third cup cold water, 1 teaspoonful extract of nutmeg, flour enough to roll out like cookies, rolling thin and cutting into small cakes, sprinkle them well with powdered sugar, and bake in a quick oven. They are splendid.

Fudge—Two cups granulated sugar; one cup milk, sweet; one and one-half tablespoonful Baker's chocolate, grated; butter size of a nutmeg. Boil until it sets in water, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire and add extract of vanilla to suit taste. Stir until it begins to harden; add nut meats if desired; pour into a buttered pan, mark into squares and set away to cool.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A VISIT TO NIAGARA CASTLE

I reached the town of Ft. Niagara the evening of January 8. It is a very queer town. I could see the barracks where the soldiers stay. There were soldiers in every window. They are always curious about any stranger in town, as very few people go there in winter. I could see in the distant Castle Niagara, a large stone structure. On reaching the house I was greeted by my sister, who had lived there for some time, her husband being employed by the U. S. Army. As you enter you go into a large hall, called a sally port. It is where the soldiers used to hide to keep from being killed. This castle is over 300 years old. At the time I lived there, five families lived in it, but the walls are so thick you would never know anyone else was living there, but we lived downstairs. One room that was in our compartment is known as Morgan vault. It is said General Morgan was killed and left in this room, which is small with no windows. This castle is situated on the banks of Lake Ontario and belongs to the government. There are stairs leading to the top of it and if you go up there you can look for miles and miles over Canada and the lake. At one time while I was there a terrible storm visited us. I was sitting by the window and the waves dashed so high that I could hear them splash against the window pane, and it is some 30 feet from the bank.

It is extremely breezy around there and cold most of the time. This castle is closed in by a high stone fence or embankment. There are gates that close and when they are closed no one may enter. Now that our country is peaceful they remain open. I think those who haven't been there will find it a very pleasant trip if taken in summer.—Happy from New York.

A TREE LOVER

My hobby is trees. If there is anything beneath Jehovah I would worship it is trees. Forest, or any article under the caption of trees, gets my undivided attention. For 60 years I have transplanted deciduous and evergreen trees from the forest to yards, wayside, school yards, church yards, cemeteries. I am now burning wood of my own growing (appletree wood); eating every spring maple syrup made from trees of my own setting when I was 17 years old. Don't say, or even think, you are too old to set trees. I set eight sugar maples last fall on Cold Spring farm, Troupsburgh, N. Y., owner 90 years old, and am planning to set some this spring. Sow for others to reap is Nature's law.—Ell Bartoo, Brisbin, N. Y.

FROM A PEDAGOGUE

Last week I noticed a letter requesting letters from teachers. Therefore I will write a few lines on this important subject. I am at present engaged in the teaching of a rural school in one of the districts of West Virginia. I like the work very well, and perhaps will make it my vocation for life. Those that engage themselves in the work will find that it is not an easy matter to organize and govern a school successfully, and the responsibility that rests upon a person engaged in the work of preparing boys and girls for the future rulers of this republic is not easily ignored. I feel the need of professional training and I believe that the state should require of every teacher, at the least, six months of professional training.

The question of today is, "how can we make our country school more practical and more progressive?" I believe this question could be solved to some extent if teachers were required to attend the normal schools for a certain period before engaging in the work of teaching.—Yours for success, G. J.

BRAVERY OF BERTHA HILTON

Miss Bertha Hilton, of Oleopolis, Pa., is an expert swimmer and also a brave one. Last April a child four years old fell from the bridge pier during a time of very high, dangerous and muddy water and would have lost its life had not Miss Hilton plunged into the flood and brought it out safely. There were several men eye witnesses, but they hesitated to go in. Miss Hilton has brothers and two of these have each saved a life during high water.—Mrs. A. A. A., West Hickory, Pa.

THE OPTIMIST

Mrs. Betsy Smith, Pennsylvania—Come on with your letter about olden times, as we enjoy them very much. Also Mrs. L. E. H., of Montana, and tell us of the country and population of a few towns in that state. Sad Heart, of West Virginia, just think, oh, how much worse this world could be, so keep on trying to be kind to everybody, and you will gain the victory by and by. Better times are coming. I have been married almost three years and my husband is crusty and cross and goes away and stays for hours and leaves the two children and me alone. And if I ask him where he is going his answer is: "That's my own business," and that's all I know, but there is a day coming, and your happy day is coming, too. There is lots put on our backs that we think we can't carry, but there is One who will help us to carry our load if we ask Him.—Mrs. N. F., Pennsylvania.

Wants Help.

Would some one kindly tell me what will take out yellow stains in white cotton goods? The stains were made by getting liniment on them. I think there must be iodine in the liniment; boiling doesn't remove them. I would be so pleased to know some way to get them out, as they ruin the clothes and look so unsightly.

A Useful Hint.

Dry brand, scattered over anything spilled on the kitchen floor, will keep it unstained.—Rosebud.

FREE

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer restores original color in mild, healthful manner in from 7 to 14 days. Entirely different from anything else. Its effect is permanent. Does not wash off nor look unnatural. Has no sediment, so it's neither sticky nor greasy—it's as pure and clear as water.

Don't experiment—use what thousands of others have found safe and satisfactory. Generous free sample and comb sent for five 2c stamps to cover postage and packing. Mention original color of hair. Mary T. Goldman, 239 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. The large-size $1.00 bottle sold by all dealers.

Trade Mark Registered

Our Correspondents

I thank someone for the song, "God Speed the Right," but I have one more verse in memory, viz:

"Be that prayer in heaven recorded, God-speed—
With success on earth rewarded, God-speed—
Time nor toil nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
Godspeed the right."

I learned the song about 65 years ago in the academy in West Cleveland, O. The academy had a right-angled steel bell, shape of a carpenter's square. I have wondered why such bells were not morein use. I believe that was the only one I ever saw.—F. W. S., Parms, Mich.

I am sending these few lines in hopes of finding some of our relatives who moved west just after the Civil War. I saw a letter last week written by a Mr. J. H. Webster, of San Francisco, Cal. If he see this in print I hope he will write to me at once and tell me something about his people and where he was raised. I want also to ask the good people of The Blade to send cards or some little token of love to Little Clyde Farrell at Pittsboro, N. C., R. F. D. 1. The little fellow has been sick all winter with blood poison and had to have his foot taken off. Love and best wishes to all Blade readers. Goodby.—J. H. Webster, New Hill, N. C., R. F. D. 2.

In answer to "L. F. T.'s" inquiry concerning her cousins, the Daughritys (Dougherty), I wish to say that a sister of mine married a Henry Dougherty, son of Sam Dougherty, but, if I remember right, his mother's maiden name was "Vermillion" instead of "Jones." The address of this Henry Dougherty is Knoxville, Tennessee, South Gay street, and the address of Sam Dougherty is Powell Station, Tennessee.—Mrs. C. C. S.

I would like to ask the correspondents' column if some of the ladies could tell how to make the sage and sulphur hair tonic, their grandmothers used to use, and what effect it has on the hair? —D. I.

For oily hair, boil one-half pint salt in 3 pints of water. Apply and the oil will disappear as if by magic.

For that dry feeling the hands sometimes have, use glycerine and water equal parts or even less. I have been greatly troubled this way and have never found anything else that would help.—G. A. C.

If Mrs. J. A. H., St. Johns, Ore., will write me, I will send her some of the spring flowers she asks for, as they grow just back of our orchard, and a small package by parcel post would only cost a few cents to send, and I will be glad to send them, for I, too, love the wild flowers.

Will some of the readers give instructions for making beaded handbag of soft leather? Also child's Indian moccasin of same material?—A Helper.

Will you please discuss the prospects of the country around French New Mexico and also the best part of the country in Arkansas, near Kennett, Mo., about prospects and health and so on?—H. R. Sparks, Ills.

If the person who signs himself Jos. B. (Joseph H. Brownlee), will write me I think possibly I can interest him in regard to some of his relatives, or possible relatives. My grandmother's name was Elizabeth Brownlee; she had a brother named Joseph, who had a son named John. Joseph had a sister named Catherine; do not know the name of the others. Joseph B. used to live in Detroit. He visited his sister (my grandmother) about thirty years ago. Since then we have heard nothing from him. My grandmother, Elizabeth, married Wm. Allen; he is dead, but grandmother is still living at the age of 84.—Allen E. Coburn, St. Joe, Ind.

BOYS AND GIRLS

An Advocate of Sunshine.

A happy little girl, Florence W. Durham, says she wishes the children's department could be called Children's Sunshine Corner, and she sends this verse as its motto:

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not meant for you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on.

Every night in her prayer she asks God to bless all the poor little children and to bring sunshine into their little lives.

A Father's Advice.

Currence Baughman, Bergoo, W. Va., sends this message to the boys and girls: "I live 16 miles from any town. I am married and have two children. I live in a country where the air and water are pure, plenty of fish and game. The most of our fish here are trout, though we have bass and other small fish.

"I say to the children of this page, go to school and try for an education, for we find that a man or woman without an education cannot go through this world. When you go to school always treat your teacher kindly, and honor him as you do your father.

"I never got to go to school until I was 13 years old, and I had to walk three miles, the snow being three and four feet deep. Dear boys and girls, always keep your hands upon the throttle and your eye upon the rail."

A Lincoln Home.

I am a little boy about 11 years old. I live near the place where Abraham Lincoln lived (Spencer county, Indiana). Every morning when I get up I can look out the window and see the big brown lions at the entrance of the park where Abraham Lincoln's mother is buried. The park is a beautiful place, of which Lincoln City people are proud. Your friend, Ralph Suluheinrich, Lincoln City, Ind.

Wants Western Letters.

I wish more of you western boys and girls would write. I enjoy your letters. My hobby is music and flowers. I would like to receive postcards from the Blade boys and girls. Will answer all I can, so I will say good-bye.—Lillie Hampton, Hayesville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 2, Box 14.

A Historic Homestead.

I live in the Champlain valley with the Adirondack mountains in the west and the Green mountains in the east in full view of my home. I live just a short distance from the historic old Fort Ticonderoga on the shore of Lake Champlain and in the Green mountains lies the beautiful Lake Dunmore on whose shore is situated the cave known as Ethen Allen's cave, mentioned in the book of "Green Mountain Boys." I live on a farm consisting of 300 acres. I would like very much to hear from any of the Blade readers "who ain't too stuck up to write to a Yankee girl."—Betty, Whiting, Vt.

Oklahoma Climate.

I have lived in Oklahoma almost three years and like it. We have lovely weather most all the time. We pick flowers here about the middle of February. The sun shines here most all the year around. We have very little winter and not much snow. I am a lover of music and out-door sports. I like to ride horseback and play basketball and tennis. I go to school and am in the sixth grade. They have fine schools here.—Oklahoma Blue Eyes.

SHORT AND SWEET

Lila Trewhitt, Paris, Mich., likes post cards of scenery. She thinks she has some real cousins near Cleveland, Tenn. Maybe they will see this and write her.

Phyllis Ayres, Woodstock, O., asks that Ohio boys and girls write her about their homes and tastes.

Pearl Wass, Harrisville, W. Va., has gone a mile to school for six winters and never missed a single day.

I thought I would put a little motto in: "If you are told to do a thing, and mean to do it really, never let it go in halves; do it fully, freely." I would like to have you write to me. Lovingly yours.—Sarah Walker, Pleasant Lake, Ind.

I think the same as Weltha Mollenhour, of Indiana, that my hobby is music. I like to read about the great musicians and hope he will write again about his great book. I hope everybody enjoyed the picture and song of "The Old Swimmin' Hole" as I did. There were moving pictures here one night and illustrated songs and I thought it was very beautiful.—Bessie M. Larrabee, East Berkshire, W. Va.

Will some one please tell me through The Blade how a Maypole is conducted?—Katie Renick, Callaway, Va.

Vonda M. Keebaugh, Bear Lake, Mich., has a twin brother as well as four brothers and sisters younger.

Fern Elston, Riverside, Mich., lives on the banks of the Paw Paw river, where her big brother catches fish.

My hobby is helping my mother all the time I have to spare. I hope to receive lots of post cards from The Blade girls.—Florence Lieberenz, South Milford, Ind. R. R. 1.

POETS' CORNER

"THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE"

You are coming to woo me, but not as of yore,
When I hastened to welcome your ring at the door;
For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then
Was the brightest and truest, he noblest of men.
Your lips on my own, when they printed "farewell,"
Had never been soiled by the "beverage of hell;"
But they come to me now with the bacchanal sign,
And the lips that touched liquor must never touch mine.

I think of that night in the garden alone,
When in whispers you told me your heart was my own;
That your love in the future should faithfully be
Unshared by another, kept only for me.
Oh, sweet to my soul is the memory still,
Of the lips that met mine, when they murmured "I will;"
But now to their pressure no more they incline,
For the lips that touched liquor shall never touch mine.

O John! How it crushed me. When first in your face
The pen of the "rum fiend" had written "disgrace;"
And turned me in silence and tears from that breath,
All poisoned and foul from the chalice of death.
It scattered the hopes I had treasured to last,
It darkened the future and clouded the past,
It shattered my idol, and ruined the shrine,
For the lips that touched liquor shall never touch mine.

I loved you, oh, dearer than language can tell,
And you saw it, you proved it, you knew it too well!
But the man of my love was far other than he
Who now from the "tap-room" comes reeling to me.
In manhood and honor so noble and right,
His heart was so true, and his genius so bright,
And his soul was unstained, unpolluted by wine;
But the lips that touched liquor shall never touch mine.

You promised reform, but I trusted in vain,
Your pledge was but made to be broken again;
And the lover so false to his promises now,
Will not, as a husband, be true to his vow.
The word must be spoken that bids you depart,
Though the effort to speak it should shatter my heart;
Though in silence, with blighted affection I pine,
Yet the lips that touched liquor shall never touch mine.

If one spark, in your bosom, of virtue remain,
Go, fan it with prayer till it kindles again;
Resolved, with "God helping," in future to be
From wine and its follies unshackled and free!
And when you have conquered this foe of your soul,
In manhood and honor beyond its control,
This heart will again beat responsive to thine,
And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine.

BE STRONG

By Maltbie D. Babcock.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis
God's gift—
Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in
God's name—
Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on; tomorrow comes the song.

THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF

By Coates Kinney.

When the hovering humid darkness
Over all the starry spheres
Flows and falls like sorrow softly
Breaking into blessed tears,
Then how sweet to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed
And lie listening to the raindrops
On the low roof overhead.

To the pit-pat on the shingles
Answer echoes in the heart,
And dim, dreamy recollections
Its form and being start,
And the busy fairy, Fancy,
Weaves her air-threads, warp and woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the light rain on the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother
As she used in summers gone,
Taking leave of little faces
That her loving look shone on;
And I feel that fond look on me
As I feel the old refrain
Here repeated on the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph-sister,
With the wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub-brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With sweet praise or mild reproof,
As I shut my eyes and listen
To the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes bewitching blue,
I remember not, musing on her,
That my heart she never knew;
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain;
And my quickened pulses quiver
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence,
Naught of music's magic spell
That can thrill the secret fountain
Whence the tears of rapture well,
Like that weird nocturne of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

TEN LITTLE DUTIES

Ten little duties! Does no good to whine;
Skip about and do one, then there are nine!
Nine little duties; it never pays to wait;
Do one quick, and—presto!—there are only eight.
Eight little duties; might have been eleven;
One done in no time, now there's only seven.
Seven little duties; 'tisn't such a fix;
Do one more, and—bless me!—There are only six.
Six little duties; sure as I'm alive!
Never mind, one's over; now there are only five.
Five little duties knocking at your door;
Lead one off to Doneland, that leaves only four.
Four little duties, plain as plain can be!
Can't be shirked—one's over—leaving only three.
Three little duties; like a soldier true
Meet them and vanquish one; then there'll be but two.
Two little duties between you and fun;
In just a minute longer there'll be only one!
One little duty; now what will you do?
Do it! why surely; now you are through! —Selected.

THE ONE THAT TRIES

By Margaret E. Sangster.

Yes, I love the little winner
With the medal and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honor list;
I've tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried and missed.

One? Ah, me! They count by thousands—
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel,
Many see their chance flit by;
I've tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble;
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough,
All will praise the happy winners;
But, when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer, my darlings,
The great company that try.

Women of Middle Age

From 40 to 50 Woman's Critical Period.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, severe headaches, melancholia, dread of impending evil, palpitation of the heart, irregularity, constipation and dizziness are promptly treated by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life.

This is the most critical period of woman's life and she who neglects the care of her health at this time invites incurable disease and pain. Why not be guided by the experience of others and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is an indisputable fact that this grand old remedy has helped thousands of women to pass through this trying period with comfort and safety. Thousands of genuine and honest testimonials support this fact.

From Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, Cadiz, Ohio.

Fort Worth, Texas.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and derived great benefit from its use. It carried me safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had that all gone feeling most of the time, and headache constantly. I was very nervous and the hot flashes were very bad. I had tried other remedies and doctors, but did not improve until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has now been sometime since I took the Compound and I have had no return of my old complaints. I always praise your remedies to weak women."—Mrs. Henry Heavilin, R. F. D. No. 5, Cadiz, Ohio.

From Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

Fleetwood, Pa.—"During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.

"One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong, well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice, and I shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a doctor for years. You may publish my letter."—Mrs. Edward B. Hilbert, Fleetwood, Pa.

From Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Munford, Ala.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand to have a gate slam.

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend it to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. Mullendore, Munford, Ala.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

My Wife and I

Want to Tell You

How She Stopped Me From Drinking

For over twenty years I was a very hard drinker. I loved liquor. I cared for nothing else. Every cent I could get hold of I spent for beer and whiskey. My work was neglected. Our home was in sore straights. My case was about as hopeless as a man's could be. My wife was constantly begging and pleading with me, but I loved liquor too well. I couldn't stop.

Many women would have despaired and given up all hope, but my wife didn't. She kept trying. Finally, about ten years ago, she gave me a simple remedy, hoping against hope that it would have some effect upon my drinking. Much to her surprise, *it stopped my drinking entirely!* It took away every desire I ever had for alcoholic liquor. I have not touched a drop since.

Can you imagine her delight—her great happiness? Really, it seemed to make a new woman of her. And what a change it made in me! Our friends and neighbors hardly knew me as the same man. To most of them it seemed a miracle. But it wasn't. It was simply the little home remedy that my wife gave me. We know it was for she later gave it to her brother and several of our neighbors who were heavy drinkers and it stopped every one of them from drinking. This proved that it was not mere luck in my case.

And now, we want others to try it. We want every man and woman who suffers because of a dear one's intemperance to know what this remedy is that my wife gave me. We want you to know our story for we believe you will be helped by it. And we will be more than glad to tell it if you will send us your name and address.

Wife is the letter writer of our family and she will gladly answer every letter that is written to her. She will tell in her own way, much better than I can, what she used, how she happened to try it and how it worked. She will give this information with a glad heart so do not hesitate to write. She wants you to feel that she is your friend and that it is a pleasure to do this service.

In the ten years that have elapsed since I was cured many folks have written and asked her how it was done and she gladly answered all letters. And to show that her service has been appreciated we would like to have you read extracts from a few of the letters which she afterward received from some of these people.

Dear Madam: I feel very grateful to you for letting me know how I could cure my husband of drunkenness. He was cured completely. *Mrs. P. W. Cowell, Athens, Penna.* Dear Friend: I was benefited by your letter for my husband was a hard drinker and now he does not drink. *Mrs. W. D. Blue, Perry, Fla.* My Dear Friends: It cured him of drunkenness. He is in better health than ever before and is a different man altogether. It has saved us many dollars and we now live in peace and happiness. *Mrs. Lena Mitchel, Valliant, Okla.* Dear Madam: Your advice was taken at once and my son was cured in a short time. *Mrs. Martha Day, Roanoke, Va.*

Such letters as these certainly do make my wife happy for she feels that her efforts have not been in vain and she says that she wants you to address your letter to her personally so that she can answer it herself. She also wants me to say that the remedy can be given secretly if desired and that it is very easy to use.

My wife's answer will come in a sealed envelope so there will be no publicity in your affairs. There is one other thing. We have nothing to sell, so please do not send money. Simply write with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 238 Park Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., taking care to write your name and full address plainly. We would suggest that you tell others who need this information, about my wife's offer, for we often wish that the whole world knew it.

WATCH AND COWBOY FOB

GIVEN TO YOU Absolutely Free. Any address made, stem wind and stem set watch, with beautifully engraved case, guaranteed 5 years. Timed, tested and regulated and an accurate and reliable timekeeper, and positively the best watch ever offered for this small service, also this new Cowboy Fob, or chain instead of fob, if you prefer. We give Watch and Fob or Chain FREE for delivery and payment of only 8 sets of our fine Art Pictures at 25c a set. Send name and will send pictures at once. Remit us $2.00 collected and for your trouble will send WATCH and FOB or CHAIN as offered. A Corker Offer. Don't Miss It. Address M. O. SEITZ, A52 CHICAGO

Mothers' pension bills are pending in fourteen states.

The library of congress at Washington is the third largest collection of books in the world.

The first university in the German empire was at Prague, Bohemia, 1348.

The Irony of Mirrors

Boston Transcript.

THOSE arch psychologists, the window trimmers, have turned the science of the mirror to telling effect. They know that there is nothing the public so dearly loves as to look at itself.

And please notice the cunning: they provide the excuse. For the ordinary embarrassment of a public mirror is that, although we can see ourselves, others can see that we see. But when we are gazing into a shop window heaped with glittering store of merchandise, bystanders cannot be sure whether we are contemplating the markdown sale of umbrellas, or our own charms as imaged in the background mirrors which repeat the whole collection.

The only way to detect the beholder in his act of vanity, then, is to look at his eyes in the mirror opposite, and this is a poor plan, because by the perversity of such moments, he instantly receives a wireless that he is being watched and his eyes seek yours in the same mirror, whereby both are self-convicted of the same surreptitious spying.

Certain of the poets have said that each of us lives and must die alone. There is no loneliness like the loneliness of the great crowd. Our mirrors tell us that we are strangers to ourselves. For who has not had the shocking, weird experience of seeing his own image reflected at an unexpected angle and failed to recognize himself? After that, we are never quite so sure of our own identity.

Spare the Cat

New York Independent.

A LOVER of cats make a new plea for them. He tells us that cats kill the field mice that rob the nest of bumblebees, and the bumblebees fertilize the blossoms of clover, which feed the cows that give us milk. Such is the chain of nature that the loss of any link may do grave damage. This is the way of it:

"This is the babe that mother loved.
"This is the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.
"This is the clover that fed the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.
"This is the bee that saved the clover that fed the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.
"This is the mouse that killed the bee that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.
"This is the cat that ate the mouse that killed the bee that saved the clover that fed the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved."

Therefore, will mother protect the cat or will she incur a deeper loss than that of the malt in the house that Jack built.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Too Sharp for John Sharp.

Popular Magazine.

When it comes to heated and pointed argument, Senator John Sharp Williams is always on the job with colors flying, bands playing and the cheering multitude urging him to further outbursts of eloquence. But one day George H. Poindexter, one of the leading citizens of a small Mississippi county, put John Sharp to flight.

Poindexter had hit Senator Williams' pet dog on the head with the handle of his huge whip, thereby causing instant death in a most scientific manner.

"Why didn't you hit my dog with the lash of your whip?" inquired the senator, with great indignation.

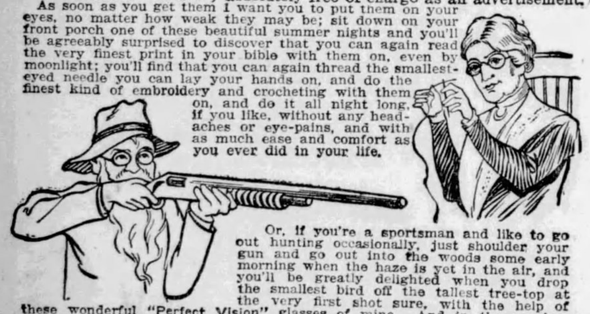
"Well," replied George, "why didn't your dog come at me backward?"

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight; you'll find that you can again thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long, if you like, without any headaches or eye-pains, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.



Or, if you're a sportsman and like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning when the haze is yet in the air, and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top at the very first shot sure, with the help of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses of mine. And in the evening, when the shadows are gathering in the twilight, you'll easily distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself for reading, sewing, hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere and everywhere, anyway and everyway. Then after a thorough tryout, if you find that every word I have said about them is as honest and as true as gospel, and if they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance. Won't you help me introduce my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write your name, address and age on the below coupon at once.

$4 DR. HAUX—The Spectacle Man—ST. LOUIS, MO. $4

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete payment of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is.....

Name .....

Postoffice .....

Rural Route and Box No.....State.....

$4 $4

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

GEORGIA CLIMATE

Please give a description of the climate of Georgia.—M. W. C., Seven Mile Ford, Va.

The climate of southern Georgia is between 65 and 70 degrees of mean annual temperature. Snow seldom falls in this part of the state, and when it does it rarely reaches a depth of more than two inches. In the central part of the state the fall is a little more frequent and of greater depth, while in the mountain region its frequency and depth are greatly increased. The annual average rainfall is 49.3 inches. The slopes of the mountains and hills are well suited for the grazing of stock, and the land in the valleys is well adapted to the raising of vegetables and grain.

PRESERVING EGGS

Kindly give some methods of preserving eggs—M. D. T., Seville, Ohio.

Vegetable oils, especially linseed, simply rubbed onto the egg hinders any alteration for a sufficiently long period, and presents a very simple method. Two coatings of collodion or a single coating of paraffin would probably be a better method.

GENERAL RENO

Will you please give a short biographical sketch of General Marcus A. Reno?—L. R., Auburne, Me.

Marcus Albert Reno, American military officer, was born about 1835 and died in 1889. He was graduated from West Point in 1857, and at the outbreak of the civil war was made first lieutenant in the United States army. He was promoted captain in the same year, brevetted major for gallantry at Kelly's Ford, Virginia, in 1863, lieutenant colonel for services at Cedar Creek, and in 1865 was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers and colonel of regulars for distinguished service throughout the war. In 1876 he was engaged in the campaign against the Indians under Sitting Bull, holding command second to General Custer. In the engagement in which Custer and nearly all of his regiment were killed, he escaped through cowardice and in consequence of his failure to support his associates and other serious charges he was dismissed from the service.

FORMATION OF COAL

I wish you would tell me something of the formation of coal.—N. E. V., Iowa.

Many theories have been advanced as to how coal was first formed. Coal beds have been attributed to the drying up of petroleum in lakes on old land surfaces, to the separation of carbon by some fanciful chemical process from limestone, and to the accumulation of seaweeds along old ocean beaches. These theories may be dismissed without discussion; they may help to explain some particular instance, but they are of no wide application The generally accepted theory applies to practically all kinds of coal deposits and is, briefly, as follows:

When the woody material, cellulose, of the leaves and stems of plants, falls on the ground it soon oxidizes or decays and the oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen present pass into the air or soil as gases, the hydrogen and oxygen chiefly as water vapor, the carbon as carbon dioxide and the nitrogen as ammonia. Finally, of the original material, say the trunk of a great tree, only the ash, composed chiefly of silica, alumina and iron oxide, is left. Thus it happens that the leaves, twigs and branches that have fallen for thousands of years in the forest are represented by a few inches of vegetable mold or humus, plant substance not yet oxidized to ash. If, however, the ground be covered by water, as in a swamp, air is partly excluded and decay proceeds so slowly that the vegetable or animal remains may be preserved for long periods of time. Still oxidation goes on; the dead plants gradually give up their hydrogen, oxygen and carbon as water, marsh gas and carbon monoxide and change to a mass of partly decayed vegetable fibre, or even to a black muck.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

Please give an explanation of wireless telegraphy.—O. M., Dale, Ind.

There are now six distinct methods known by which messages may be sent between stations without metallic connections. These are: 1. By induction, in which the current raised to a high degree of intensity is enabled to leap, as it were, from one wire to another. In Edison's plan of telegraphing from moving trains, the current is transmitted by induction. 2. By conduction, in which the earth is employed as the conductor of the message. 3. Mr. Tesla's invention, which utilizes the earth, supplementing the apparatus producing the current with a conductor running up a pole for a short distance and terminating in a flat metal plate. 4. Another method which has been used in Europe and is called the ultra-violet rays sent out from an electric arc light at the sending station constitute the medium whereby at the receiving station sparks are set free, restoring the current in an interrupted circuit. 3. Still another method employs either the visible light rays emitted from a searchlight or their accompanying invisible heat rays, it being still uncertain which ray is actually the medium of communication. This method is the basis of Professor Bell's photophone and the radiophone of Professor Hayes. 6. Finally, there is the Hertz wave method, which is the one successfully operated by Marconi.

In 1888, Dr. Hertz, of Carlsbad, Germany, discovered that when an impulsive charge is passing through a conductor, ether waves are radiated in all directions in the space surrounding the conductor, and that these waves are in all respects similar to those of light, except that they are much longer. These waves move with the same velocity of those of light, and have the same power of reflection and refraction, etc., as are possessed by waves of light. In the Marconi method of wireless telegraphy, by means of a Ruhmkorff induction coil, a stream of sparks is produced at a gap in an electric circuit, where these Hertzian waves are emitted in all directions sidewise from the gap. By means of one of the sensitive devices known to electricians, these waves can be picked up, even at long distances from the transmitter. Marconi made the essential points of this method known in 1897, but it was not until March 29, 1899, that his success in sending messages across the English channel, a distance of 32 miles, called the attention of the world to the possibilities of wireless telegraphy.

MAMMOTH CAVE

Will you kindly publish a description of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky?—W. E. G., Morenci, Mich.

Mammoth Cave is believed to be the largest known cavern in the world. It is situated near Green river, in the central part of Kentucky, about 75 miles south and southwest of Louisville. It was discovered in 1809 and has always been the property of private individuals. The mouth of the cave is reached by passing down a wild, rocky ravine, the entrance of the cave being hidden from view by a dense growth of trees. The opening of the cave is funnel-shaped, and from 50 to 100 feet in diameter at the top, and the steep walls are about 55 feet high. The cave abounds in passageways and chambers, some of which are very beautiful. One chamber, called the Great City, is said to cover a space of two acres. Then there is what is called the star chamber, which is 500 feet long and 7 feet wide, and its ceiling is 70 feet high and is composed of black gypsum, which is set with white points, which, by a dim light, presents a most remarkable likeness to stars. Still another is incrusted with crystals of dazzling whiteness which glitter like diamonds in the torchlight. There are several remarkable pits in the cave, one of which is called the bottomless pit, but by sounding it was found to be only 200 feet deep. Some of the passages are occupied by streams or pools. The temperature of the cave is about 59 degrees throughout the year, seldom varying more than one or two degrees, and the air is dry. The animals living there are a few species of fish, two species of cray-fish and several kinds of insects, as well as bats, which divide their time between the cave and the outer world. Some species of cave animals are white, and blind; others have color and well-developed eyes. The former are thought to have occupied the cave for long ages, gradually adapting themselves to the darkness, while the others are supposed to have been introduced later.

PENSION LAW OF 1912

I would like to have you quote the pension law of 1912.—H. M. W., Nevada, Ohio.

Congress at its second session in 1912 passed the following act increasing the pensions of veteran Union soldiers.

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled; that any person who served 90 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late civil war, who has been honorably discharged therefrom, and who has reached the age of 62 years or over, shall, upon making proof of such facts, according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the interior may provide, be placed upon the pension roll and be entitled to receive a pension as follows: In case such person has reached the age of 62 years and served 90 days, $12 per month; six months, $13.50 per month; one year, $14 per month; one and a half years, $14.50 per month; two years, $15 per month; two and a half years, $15.50 per month; three years or over, $16 per month. In case such person has reached the age of 66 years and served 90 days $15 per month; six months, $15.50 per month; one year, $16 per month; one and a half years, $16.50 per month; two years, $17 per month; two and a half years, $18 per month; three years or over, $19 per month. In case such person has reached the age of 70 years and served 90 days, $18 per month; six months, $19 per month; one year, $20 per month; one and a half years, $21.50 per month; two years, $23 per month; two and one-half years, $24 per month; three years or over, $25 per month. In case such person has reached the age of 75 years and served 90 days, $21 per month; six months, $22.50 per month; one year, $24 per month; one and a half years, $27 per month; two years or over, $30. That any person who served in the military or naval service of the United States during the civil war and received an honorable discharge, and who was wounded in battle or in line of duty and is now unfit for manual labor by reason thereof, or who from disease or other causes incurred in the line of duty resulting his disability is now unable to perform manual labor, shall be paid the maximum pension under this act, to wit, $30 per month, without regard to length of service or age.

That any person who has served 60 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States in the war with Mexico and has been honorably discharged therefrom, shall, upon making like proof of such service, be entitled to receive a pension of $30 per month.

All of the aforesaid pensions shall commence from the date of filing the applications in the bureau of pensions after the passage and approval of this act: Provided that pensioners who are 62 years of age or over and who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the bureau of pensions, may, by application to the commissioner of pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing herein contained shall prevent any pensioner or person entitled to a pension from prosecuting his claim and receiving his pension under any other general or special act: Provided, that no person shall receive a pension under any other law at the same time or for the same period that he is receiving a pension under the provisions of this act; provided further, that no person who is now receiving or shall receive a greater pension, under any other general or special law, than he would be entitled to receive under the provisions herein shall be pensionable under this act.

Sec. 2. That rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed hereunder.

Sec. 3. That no pension attorney, claim agent or other person shall be entitled to receive any compensation for services rendered in presenting any claim to the bureau of pensions, or securing any pension, under this act, except in qualifications for original pension by persons who have not heretofore received a pension.

Sec. 4. That the benefits of this act shall include any person who served during the late civil war, or in the war with Mexico, and who is now or may hereafter become entitled to receive pension under the act of June 27, 1890; February 15, 1895, and the joint resolutions of July 1, 1902, and June 28, 1906, or the acts of January 29, 1887; March 3, 1891, and February 27, 1897.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY

Please give a description of the battle of Fontenoy in the columns of your paper.—E. C., Nopomis, Ill.

Fontenoy is a village in Belgium, in the province of Hainaut, five miles southeast of Tournay. Its population is about 800. It is noted for a victory obtained by the French over the English, Dutch and Austrians, May 11, 1745, fought by the latter for the relief of Tournay, then besieged by the French. The French were 76,000 strong, led by Marshal Saxe, and animated by the presence of their king, Louis XV., and the Dauphin. They were posted in a very strong position. The allies numbered 50,000, of whom more than half were English, led by the Duke of Cumberland. The allies were routed, losing about 8,000 killed, wounded or prisoners. The French loss was about the same. The speedy fall of Tournay and the capture of Ghent, Bruges, Ostend and Dendermunde were the fruits of Marshal Saxe's victory.

TRIBUTE TO A BROTHER

I would like to have you print Robert Ingersoll's tribute to his brother.—G. J., Uffington, W. Va.

Mr. Ingersoll's tribute to his brother follows:

"Dear Friends—I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

"The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

"He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

"Yes, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

"This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

"He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

"He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words, 'For justice all place a temple, and all season, summer.' He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

"He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, 'I am better now.' Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

"And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

"Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man."

MISCELLANEOUS

A .C., Cookport, Pa.—The number of representatives in congress is 435; of the Pennsylvania legislature, 207. The salary of the chief justice of the supreme court is $15,000; of the associate justices, $14,500.

M. C. G., Linscott, Neb.—The city of St. Pierre was rebuilt after the eruption of Mt. Pelee. The volcano is still active.

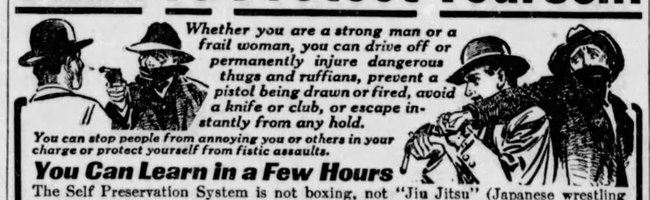
J. M. L., Riceville, Tenn.—Write to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., for the information you wish.

J. M., Bloomingdale, Mich.—The initiative and referendum were explained in the Bureau of January 30.

N. P. F., Ashland, Ohio—George Washington died of acute laryngitis at the age of 67.

Z. C. S., Hemlock, Mich.—The Bureau has no information concerning Philip Van Ness Myers.

Learn To Protect Yourself!



Whether you are a strong man or a frail woman, you can drive off or permanently injure dangerous thugs and ruffians, prevent a pistol being drawn or fired, avoid a knife or club, or escape instantly from any hold.

You can stop people from annoying you or others in your charge or protect yourself from fistic assaults.

You Can Learn in a Few Hours

The Self Preservation System is not boxing, not "Jiu Jitsu" (Japanese wrestling practical only for experts); no tedious training necessary before you become proficient. It is a simple, scientific system, combining a perfect knowledge of the body's weak spots, with an instantly learned series of movements enabling you to render your opponent helpless, inflict terrible pain or permanent disability as you may choose. Many are police movements—others are adapted from "Jiu Jitsu" by the famous Prof. O'Brien while Police Chief of Nagasaki, Japan.

The same system used and endorsed by Theo. Roosevelt, Jim Corbett—Lawson of Boston, General Superintendent of Police John McWeeney of Chicago, Judge John R. Newcomer of the Municipal Court of Chicago, "Bat" Nelson and William R. Crane, all of whom indorse the celebrated O'Brien System in the highest terms.

Complete Book "Secrets of Old Japan" FREE!

The Self Preservation League, formed for the protection of otherwise helpless citizens, is under the personal direction of the celebrated Prof. O'Brien who has taught this instantly learned system to hundreds of grateful people with uniform success. In order to make this wonderful system more thoroughly known, the League has decided to send a copy of the famous book, "Secrets of Old Japan," for a short time only, ABSOLUTELY FREE, giving full and complete information about this valuable science. Remember, the supply is limited so write for your free copy TODAY.

SELF PRESERVATION LEAGUE
1391 Kesner Building Chicago, Illinois

Convicts College Students.

New York Times.

More than 50 convicts are enrolled at the state agricultural college at Manhattan, taking the various courses offered at the college. They are, so far as is known, the only convict college students in the United States. Few, if any, of the convicts have ever seen the college building, and it will be some time before any of them can see it, but, nevertheless, they are enrolled students doing regular work.

All the convict college students are inmates of the United States penitentiary here. They do their class work in their cells and mail their lesson papers to the college for correction. Some of the convicts are studying agriculture, some civil engineering, others mechanics, and some are studying dairying. Nearly all of the students enrolled in the agricultural or dairy courses are men employed on the prison farm or in the dairy, extracted from rubber plant seeds.

Get Rid of That Tired Feeling

(Medical News)

"That drowsy, tired, worn-out feeling which most of us have at the approach of warm weather comes from the poisoned impurities in the blood which generally lead to sickness or poor health. At the first signs of spring a good, blood-purifying tonic should be taken by every member of the family.

"The expense of making such a tonic will be small if one gets from the drug store ½ pint alcohol and 1 ounce kardene, then mix these with ½ cupful sugar, adding hot water to make a quart. A tablespoonful taken before meals will soon clear the blood of all impurities, banish pimples and sallowness and restore lost appetite and energy. No known remedy is so strengthening and energizing to a tired, wornout system as this old-fashioned body-regulator. It is one of the best health-restorers known to medical science."

Old Swindle, New Trimmings

Berlin Cable to the New York World.

THERE was an uproar of merriment in court at the trial of a swindler named Kukli. Not only did the remarkable behavior of the good-looking prisoner, who with his constant interruptions and fine speeches was evidently as confident that he could talk over the magistrate to leniency as he had been successful in floating the bogus "$40,000,000 Chicago fortune" scheme, stir amusement, but the testimony of his victims regarding the prisoner's persuasive powers caused continuous laughter at their expense.

One witness declared. "Why, he has such a smooth tongue that did you listen to him he could make you think the color of the judge's yellow bench there was red!"

And another: "One couldn't help believe him with those big, blue eyes, that look as true as steel. And as for talking! His blarney would convince a stone!"

Kukli's scheme was an old one presented with new trimmings. It was in effect that with the aid of some capital he would recover a fortune of $40,000,000 made in America—at Chicago—by a Russian revolutionary exile. The exile's highly connected relations might not seek to possess themselves of this money, which the Russian government would surely confiscate. Kukli said he could get the bulk of it by slightly indemnifying the Russian family. He would produce for the perusal of his victims fake newspaper clippings, said to have come from American publications and ancient seventeenth century documents with seals as big as soup plates.

Amid shouts of laughter, Kukli cried at the conclusion of the trial:

"I swear by all that's holy that I am innocent. My sole aim on earth is to make everybody happy."

He was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment at hard labor.

Strange Last Testaments

Detroit Free Press.

THE making of queer wills is a subject prolific of good stories, and some remarkable examples are given by Virgil M. Harris in "Ancient, Curious and Famous Wills." One Caroline Hunter, an elderly spinster, left $5,000 in trust for her parrot. The money was to provide it with a home and to guarantee it attention at the hands of a custodian, who had to be of the female sex, and had to undertake not to leave England. The will included this clause:

"I will and desire that whoever tries to frustrate these my intentions shall forfeit whatever I have left him, her or them. I owe nothing to any one. Many owe me gratitude and money, but none have paid me either."

A rustic of Toulouse, about 1781, wrote a brief will in these terms:

"I declare that I appoint my russet cob my universal heir, and I desire that he may belong to my nephew, George."

This was contested, but was confirmed, as it was clear that the said George, owning the horse, would have control of the money; also he would not be able to transfer or dissipate the cash, for the simple reason that he would require the horse's consent, which would be difficult to obtain.

More than eleven million acres of land in Italy are devoted to wine grape cultivation.

Holland is the greatest purchaser of American cotton seed oil, with Great Britain ranking next.

Japanese paper umbrellas and lanterns are waterproofed with an oil extracted from rubber plant seeds.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, April 14.

SENATE—The Senate was not in session. No quorum was present at the meeting of the finance committee, and the tariff was not discussed. The judiciary committee decided to report favorably a bill to create an additional federal judgeship in the fourth circuit, in West Virginia. Republican senators will hold a conference this morning to determine their policy with respect to the Wilson nominations.

HOUSE—Democrats continued consideration of the tariff bill, and voted down a proposal to put cattle on the free list. Representative Morgan and Representative Sims introduced measures designed to abolish secret caucuses, and to make it unlawful to bind a legislator to vote against his best judgment. Representative Dupre re-introduced his resolution to bar such references as "applause" or "prolonged applause" from the Congressional Record.

Tuesday, April 15.

SENATE—Walter H. Page was nominated to be Ambassador to Great Britain. A number of other important nominations also were sent in. Republicans decided to make rigid inquiry into nominations that are made for political reasons to supersede Republicans now in office. Senator Hitchcock's resolution calling for the correspondence with Colombia relating to claims on account of Panama was agreed to. The hearing on the complaint of the woman suffrage managers against the police force will be resumed this morning. Senator Kenyon introduced a bill to punish lobbying and to prohibit former members of congress from representing interests before congress. Senator Cummins gave notice of a motion to amend the senate rules relative to adoption of conference reports on the tariff bill and will address the senate thereon tomorrow. A resolution was adopted calling on the secretary of the treasury for information whether land-grant railroads and express companies operating thereon are charging for the transmission of government goods. By unanimous action the report of the committee exonerating Carl Loeffler from the charges made by Senator Gore was adopted.

HOUSE—The house was not in session. The Democratic caucus concluded consideration of the agricultural schedule of the tariff bill, and began debate on the cotton schedule. The rules committee considered a proposed special rule providing for immediate consideration of the sundry civil and Indian appropriation bills.

Thursday, April 17.

SENATE—James Hamilton Lewis sworn in as senator from Illinois and appointed to privileges and elections and District of Columbia committees. Senator Hughes, introduced bill to admit Dr. F. F. Friedmann to practice medicine in District of Columbia without usual examination. President Wilson sent a number of nominations for confirmation. Senator Works, speaking on his bill to prevent District of Columbia newspapers from printing details of crime, vigorously attacked present day journalism and newspapers. Suffrage subcommittee continued its hearing on suffrage parade police protection. Senator Penrose gave notice that a vigorous request for hearings on the tariff bill would be made. Senator Thompson introduced resolution for constitutional amendment providing presidential direct election and limiting term to six years.

The senate adjourned until Monday, April 21.

HOUSE—Rep. Henry introduced bill to amend anti-trust law so as to define precisely what constitutes a trust. Democrats resumed caucus on tariff bill. Rep. Fitzgerald failed in attempt to have passed a special bill providing funds for department of labor. Vigorous debate on a motion of Rep. Murdock to order expense accounts printed. Motion defeated. Rep. Bryan introduced bill to provide a Saturday half holiday for all government employes. Rep. Neeley introduced bill to incorporate stock exchanges listing interstate corporations securities. Investigation of civil service proposed in resolution by Rep. Pou. Republicans tonight considered in caucus their tariff program.

The house adjourned until Monday, April 21.

CATARRH TRUTH

Told In a Simple Way

No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

HEALS 24 HOURS

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night and I will gladly tell you how — FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz, Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information. FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite 1313,
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Ruptured People---Get This on 60 Days Trial

You know you can't possibly tell anything about a truss or anything else for rupture merely by trying it on, for a truss or so-called "appliance" may seem all right at first and afterward prove utterly worthless.

But here is something you can try sixty days—just as a test—without having to risk a single cent.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Clothe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why druggists should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write today—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

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ASTHMA

CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M. D. Dept. S, Whetzel Bldg., 236 North 40th Ave., Chicago.

The peacock has a very long span of life, reaching even to the century.

Ireland's population remained almost stationary in 1912.

More than one million persons are employed in the textile mills of Great Britain.

ECZEMA

AWFUL AWFUL ITCH

FREE TRIAL of my MILD, Soothing Guaranteed Treatment SENT ON REQUEST.

If you have Eczema, also called Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Weeping Skin, etc., and will write me today. I will send you a free trial of my Wonderful Treatment that will stop the itching and should cure to stay. Besides this I will send you, free and postpaid, the most perfect book that was ever printed on Eczema, 145 pages.

Eczema can be cured to stay, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say, **C-U-R-E-D,** and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting twelve years of my life on this one disease and handling in the meantime nearly a half million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will but send for a **Free Trial** of my mild, soothing treatment you will be more convinced in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time, tell you what my treatment will do for you. If you are disgusted and discouraged I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. Thousands of patients all over the country will gladly testify that I have cured them of Eczema and I believe I can do the same for you, if you will but give me a chance. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you ever thought this world holds for you. Why not send for free trial treatment now?

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, Eczema Specialist
1500 Court Block, Sedalia, Missouri.
Reference: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Missouri.
Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 652 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

ROTTEN TEETH, FOUL BREATH, UGH!

Bad Teeth—Loose Teeth—Gum Disease—Foul Breath—All Due to Carelessness or Ignorance.

Thousands of mouths like this are seen every day. The trouble is known as pyorrhea. These soft, colorless, bleeding, foul-smelling and spongy gums, loosened and decayed teeth can be made firm, strong and healthy by .

A SIMPLE HOME METHOD.

Stop Despairing! Don't Give Up Hope of Saving Your Teeth.

A simple home treatment—the result of 21 years of research—will today bring you the relief and comfort you desire. Stop spending money with dentists who do not help you. Don't waste your money on drug store remedies that are invariably, as you know, disappointing.

Write to Dr. Willard today. His 21 years of practice, study and research have finally enabled him to give you a simple, painless, speedy, inexpensive remedy that you can use at home. It is pleasant, convenient and remarkably simple—so that there is now further need for you to undergo the long, painful or expensive dental treatment. Bridges, Crowns and False Teeth are unsightly and never satisfactory, and through his treatment of the causes of bad and decaying teeth, gum disease and foul breath they will be unnecessary.

If you are suffering with Pyorrhea, Rigg's Disease, gingivitis, gumboils, overlapping, protruding, receding, twisted or loose teeth; soft, colorless or spongy gums; if your breath is foul, if your teeth pain while eating; if you are subject to bad tastes—then, for your own sake, send for Dr. Willard's book and learn how easy his method is—how painless and speedy—how this simple remedy will quickly and permanently give you sound, healthy teeth.

Just sit down NOW and write Dr. Willard for his great book. A few minutes will convince you that his common-sense, simple Home Remedy will cure your ailments. Don't wait. There is no pain connected with it. We have received scores of letters from people saying they would have given hundreds of dollars had they known of Dr. Willard's Home Treatment in time. Address DR. F. W. WILLARD, E140, Temple Court Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dancer, Bereft, Is to Become Nurse

New York, April 21.—Isidora Duncan, the dancer, grief stricken over the death of her two children and their nurse, who were drowned Saturday when the automobile in which they were riding plunged into the Seine at Paris, is said in cable advices today to have definitely announced her decision to retire from the stage and devote the rest of her life to the care of the poor and sick as a hospital nurse. It is said that as soon as she has recovered from the shock she will leave for the field of military operations in the Balkans and join the Bulgarian Red Cross.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

NO SERVANT IS FORGOTTEN IN GREAT HUMAN DOCUMENT WHICH IS MORGAN'S WILL

Relatives, Close Friends, Employes All Share Generously in Millions Which Financier Disposes Of—Son Gets by Far Greatest Amount.

New York, April 21.—With a fervent declaration of his religious faith and an entreaty to his children always to strive to maintain and defend that faith, in the opening paragraphs, J. Pierpont Morgan made his last will and testament in this city on January 4 of this year, only a few days before he started on the trip to Egypt, his last of many voyages abroad. A codicil was added to the will two days later, on January 6.

No suggestion of the size of the estate is given in the will. The amount of Mr. Morgan's fortune probably will not be known accurately until the appraisal of the estate is made. The work of appraisal will require more than a year. In the case of very large estates a tax on the approximate value of the estate is usually paid in advance to get the benefit of a reduction in the amount.

In many respects Mr. Morgan's will is a remarkable instrument. While of great length, consisting of about 13,000 words, it is a clear, logical and essentially human document, with a tone of expression in its many provisions characteristic of the affectionate though intense nature of the man as he was known to his family and friends, though perhaps not to the world.

Son to Get Bulk of Estate.

There does not appear to be a relative, friend, servant or employe who has been overlooked by the testator. J. P. Morgan, Jr., is made the sole residuary legatee of his father's estate, after provision is made for his widow, his children and other relatives. He receives, however, the great bulk of the estate.

Mr. Morgan peculiarly showed his trust and confidence in his grandson, Junius Spencer Morgan, elder son of J. P. Morgan, Jr., by referring to him repeatedly in the will as a possible residuary legatee in case his father did not survive the testator. Junius Spencer Morgan is about 21 years old and a student at Harvard.

Art Collections to Son.

The $60,000,000 art collection, including the paintings now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, as well as the priceless books and art curios in the Morgan private library, go to Mr. Morgan, Jr., under the residuary clause of the will, which also covers Mr. Morgan's 502 shares —a controlling interest—of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

No request is made for his son to further the mutualization of the Equitable, which was known to be Mr. Morgan's earnest desire during his life. He made clear what his hopes were for the future of his art collections. While leaving his son entire freedom in the matter, he declares that he hopes he will be able to carry out his own cherished intentions in regard to them, so they will become "permanently available for the instruction and pleasure of the American people."

Fund Left to Wife.

In lieu of dower a trust fund of $1,000,000, the income of which she is to receive for life, is created for Mrs. Morgan, his widow. It is left to her discretion to dispose of this fund at her pleasure. Besides the income from the $1,000,000 fund, provision is made for the setting apart of a sufficient sum, in conjunction with the income from a trust fund created by Junius Spencer Morgan (Mr. Morgan's father) by deed dated July 1, 1867, to which Mrs. Morgan has already been entitled, so that her total income from these two latter trusts shall amount to $100,000 a year.

Mrs. Morgan also receives during her life Cragston, the Morgan country place at Highland Falls, N. Y., as well as the Morgan home at No. 219 Madison avenue, with furniture, paintings, etc. (except family portraits and wines), in both houses. J. P. Morgan, jr., also receives a legacy outright of $3,000,000. Miss Anne Tracy Morgan receives the income for life from a trust fund of $3,000,000. In case of her death without children if she should marry, she can bequeath to her husband out of this trust fund $1,000,000.

Trusts Left to Family.

The two married daughters, Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee and Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton, will each receive a life income from a trust fund of $1,000,000. Mr. Morgan's two sons-in-law, Mr. Satterlee and Mr. Hamilton, receive each a legacy outright of $1,000,000. Jenny Bigelow Tracy, widow of his brothers-in-law, Charles Edward Tracy, as well as his sisters-in-law, Clara Tracy Hoppin and Julia N. Brown, each receive the income for life from a trust fund of $100,000.

Numerous gifts and legacies in trust are given to old friends and servants of the family. A $25,000 annual income for life is provided for Dr. James W. Markoe, who has devoted many years to the service of the Lying-in hospital, one of Mr. Morgan's principal benefactions during his life.

He requested that the support that he had been accustomed to render this hospital be continued by his son.

The other public bequests were not large. St. George's Episcipal Church, of which Mr. Morgan was senior warden, receives the income from $500,000. The income of $100,000 is left to the local Episcopal diocese for mission stations. The House of Rest for Consumptives gets $100,000 to be designated as the Amelia Sturges Morgan Memorial Fund, in memory of Mr. Morgan's first wife.

Mrs. Mary Graham McIlvaine, of London, is named in the will as the beneficiary of the income from a trust fund of $250,000. The codicil of the will was attached solely to change this bequest to an annuity of $25,000. Mrs. McInvaine is the widow of the former head of Harper Brothers in London and is an old friend of the Morgan family.

ENTREATS CHILDREN TO UPHOLD THE DOCTRINE OF ATONEMENT

I JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, of the City, County and State of New York, do hereby make, publish and declare this my last will and testament in the manner and form following, that is to say:—

Article I.—I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour, in full confidence that having redeemed it and washed it in His most precious blood He will present it faultless before the throne of my Heavenly Father; and I entreat my children to maintain and defend, at all hazard, and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement of sin through the blood of Jesus Christ, once offered, and through that alone.—Opening paragraph of J. P. Morgan's will.

PEOPLE STICK TO OHIO

Bulletin Gives Per Cent of Foreign Born in State.

Washington, D. C., April 19.—"Ohio Population: Composition and Characteristics" is the title of a bulletin just issued by the census bureau. It is stated that of total population in Ohio 3,033,259, more than 63.5 per cent are natives of the state of native white parents; 21.5 per cent are native whites of foreign birth or mixed parentage; 12.5 per cent foreign born whites and 2.3 per cent are negroes.

The foreign born population constitutes 17.9 per cent of the urban population and 5.7 of the rural. Of the native born white population in Ohio—that is born in the United States—85.1 per cent were born in Ohio.

Of the foreign born white population in Ohio the greatest percentage, 29.3, was born in Germany; the second largest percentage, 14.4, in Hungary, and the other percentages of foreign born are as follows: Austria 12.2, Russia 8.2, England 7.3, Italy 7, Ireland 6.7, Canada 3.9, Switzerland 1.8, Scotland same; all other countries 7.5. The voting population is 31.1 per cent of the total, an unusually large percentage. City folks have fewer children than Ohio farmers, according to the bulletin.

There are 124,774 illiterates in Ohio, representing 3.2 per cent. It was four per cent in 1900. Among native whites the percentage of illiteracy is only 1.5, and among foreign born whites 11.5; among negroes 11.1 per cent. The percentage of illiterates is about the same among the country people as in the Ohio cities. Among the population 15 years old and over, 36.1 per cent of the males are single and 28.9 of the females of this "marriageable class;" 4.8 per cent are widowers and 10.7 per cent widows. Figures show that more country people marry than city people of the "marriageable class."

JAP LOAN OF $38,500,000

Tokio, Japan, April 16.—It was officially announced today that arrangements have been concluded for the issue in Paris of Japanese loan of $38,500,000 at five per cent.

DROPPING TAFT'S LATIN POLICY

President Wilson Plans Vast Changes in Southern Republic Relations.

Washington, April 21.—Intimation of far reaching changes in the diplomatic service, particularly in Latin America, came from the White House, when it was announced that Henry Janes had been recalled from the mission given him by the Taft administration to act as arbitrator between the government of Ecuador and the Guayaquil & Quito Railway Co., an American corporation, in a claim dispute.

It was said that while there was nothing in the recall of Mr. Janes to reflect upon him personally, the policy of the administration would be not to have the American government directly involved in the settlement of private business disputes.

To Drop Some Diplomats.

It was intimated that persons in the diplomatic service who might have large property or financitl interests in the countries in which they are residents probably would not be retained in those places. A sweeping investigation is under way in the state department in line with the statement about Latin-American affairs issued recently by President Wilson asserting that any previous influence that might have been exerted by the American government for the promotion of loans or private enterprises would not be renewed.

In this connection Secretary Bryan took under consideration the status of proposed treaties between the United States and Nicaraugua, Honduras and Guatemala. The impression exists that these conventions, which were never ratified by the senate, but which had the sanction of the Taft administration, would be dropped.

Bryan Takes Up Treaties.

Generally these treaties looked to a more or less direct American supervision over the customs contained in the countries concerned, as a guarantee of American investments. One of the Nicaraguan treaties also provided for the payment of $3,000,000 to Nicaraugua in return for an exclusive franchise to construct an interoceanic canal in that country, a provision intended to head off possible competition with the Panama canal.

Much interest was manifested today in the action of Secretary Bryan in beginning consideration of these treaties and a further definition of policy toward Latin-America republics which have been seeking the support of the United States in improving their financial standing is expected soon.

Now Pauline Revere in Midnight Ride

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One if by land and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be.

Boston, April 19.—Miss Pauline Revere hung a lantern in the belfry tower of the Old North Church last night in observance of the midnight ride of her famous ancestor 138 years ago.

Miss Revere, who is only 14 years old, took part in exercises held at the historic church in celebration of the eve of the battle of Lexington. Longfellow's poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," was recited by Prof. Charles T. Copeland, of Harvard; Bishop William H. Lawrence spoke on the significance of a peaceful patriot's day, and the church bells pealed out patriotic tunes. Officials of the state and city joined in the observance.

ASKS CHRISTIAN PRAYERS

Peking, April 19.—An official appeal was made by the Chinese government to all the Christian churches in China to set aside April 27 as a day for prayer that China may be guided to a wise solution of the critical problems besetting it.

This act of the government is regarded here as striking evidence of the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the nation since the revolution.

Summary of the Bequests Made by Will of J. Pierpont Morgan

TO HIS WIFE.

In trust (to be bequeathed at her death as she shall direct) . 1,000,000
Trust fund from his father (amount not given).
Other funds sufficient to make her annual income $100,000.
His country place, "Cragston," and all its contents.
His Madison avenue home and contents (except family portraits and wines).

TO J. P. MORGAN, JR.

Outright gift $3,000,000
All his wines.
His rights and titles in Metropolitan museum and similar institutions.
His private art gallery and its contents.
All the residue of his estate without conditions.

TO DAUGHTER, MRS SATTERLEE.

In trust $3,000,000
(To be bequeathed by Mrs. Satterlee among her children as she may elect.)

TO DAUGHTER, MRS. W. P. HAMILTON.

In trust $3,000,000
(To oe bequeathed by Mrs. Hamilton among her children as she may elect.)

TO HIS DAUGHTER, ANNIE T. MORGAN.

In trust $3,000,000
(If said daughter shall be married and have no children and her husband shall survive her, she may leave him not to exceed $1,000,000.)

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW.

W. P. Hamilton (outright) $1,000,000
H. L. Saterlee (outright) 1,000,000

PUBLIC BEQUESTS.

To St. George's Episcopal Church, New York (a trust) ... $ 500,000
To archdeaconry of Orange (a trust) 100,000
To House of Rest for Consumptives 100,000

TO FRIENDS AND SERVANTS.

To Dr. J. W. Marcoe, life income, to continue for his widow upon his death, per year ..... $ 25,000
To Miss Belle Da Costa Green, his librarian 50,000
To Miss Ada Thurston library employe 10,000
To Capt. W. B. Porter, his sailing master 15,000
To C. W. King, his private secretary 25,000
To each employe of J. P. Morgan & Co. and of the London house of J. S. Morgan & Co ..... A year's salary
To Edward Phillips, his valet 15,000
To Jenny B. Tracy, sister-in-law 100,000
To Clara T. Hoppin, sister-in-law 100,000
To Julia N. Brown, sister-in-law 100,000
To Lucy E. Lee, of his household, income for life on 100,000
To Florence M. Rhett, of his household, annual income of 10,000
To Ethel B. Wallace, income for life on 100,000
To each member of the Corsair Club, silver token of value of 1,000
To Mary G. McIlvaine, a friend, annuity of 25,000
To J. Beaver Webb, a friend 250,000
To Mrs. Alice Mason, a friend, an income for life, per year 5,000
To Margaret Henderson, his London housekeeper, annuity of 2,500
To Henry Pendry, his London house butler, annuity of .. 1,250
To Mrs. A. King, his Dover housekeeper, annuity of 1,250
To J. F. McLeod, his Dover house gardener, annuity of .. 1,250
To each servant of his households, New York, Cragston, London, and Dover house, other than above mentioned, outright 1,000

AT END OF LONG WALK

Ex-Soldier, Age 63, Travels Ten Thousand Miles.

New York, April 18.—Ex-Sergt. John J. Walsh, of Troop E, United States cavalry, slept late yesterday morning after having completed Wednesday night a 10,000-mile hike to San Francisco and back. The walk was for the purpose of testing the regular army equipment from shoes to campaign hat and was under the supervision of military authorities. It took Walsh just one year and three days to complete the trip, having left Ft. Slocum at New Rochelle April 10, 1912.

Walsh, who is 63 years old, is considered the army's premier pedestrian. He has been matched against Edward Payson Weston on several occasions and has always come out with flying colors. Two years ago he was retired from the regular army on account of the age limit and since then has devoted his entire time to walking. He was appointed to take the hike to the coast from a list of several highly capable walkers. The government furnished him with a complete equipment, weighing all told 68 pounds. It included the olive-drab service uniform and overcoat, haversack and blanket roll.

At the end of a day's marching Walsh would unstrap his pack, put up his shelter tent, wind himself inside of a blanket and poncho and fall asleep. Weather permitting he cooked his own meals by the roadside. Walsh carried a revolver instead of the regulation Springfield rifle.

It was necessary for Walsh to stop at every army post en route for the purpose, of reporting to the officer in command. Many times it was necessary for the aged pedestrian to go many miles out of his way in order to report to post officers. This was especially true when he had to make a detour of 30 miles to reach Ft. Sheridan, Wyoming.

Walsh kept a complete diary of his adventures on the march. At every large town he had the mayor and city officials put their signatures in the book. He jotted down everything that appealed to him as he walked along, and his ledger is full of interesting items.

Walsh, according to the diary, was captured by Mexican rebels while hiking along the border line of Old and New Mexico.

"I was sitting on a bowlder writing up my notes," the book says, "when I was taken prisoner by several Mexican desperadoes. They took me to their chief. I thought I would never get away alive. I wouldn't if I hadn't had on my sergeant's uniform. That saved me.

"They saw who I was and after a lengthy conference decided to escort me back over the boundary lines. From Juarez I went to El Paso and then continued on my way."

HOLD STILWELL NOT GUILTY

New York Senators by Seven Votes Dismiss Charges.

Albany, N. Y., April 16.—The senate last night decided that the charges of attempted extortion preferred against Senator Stilwell by George H. Kendall, president of the New York Bank Note Co., have not been sustained.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, April 21.—Wheat opened firm with stronger cables an a fairly active demand. Reports from the southwest were to the effect that the new crop needed rain, while the northwest reported rain and cooler weather with the seeding in that section well advanced. Trading in the early market was active on the advance. Reports of foreign demand still continue as an aid to the market.

The strength in wheat continued until the close, with July selling at 94¼c, an advance of ¼c over the opening.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	April 21.	April 19.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.10	....	....	1.10½	1.09¾
May	1.10	....	....	1.10¼	1.09¾
July	94	94¼	93¾	94¼	94¼
Sept.	93¼	93¼	93	93¾	93⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	57⅝	57⅝
May	57⅜	57⅝	57⅛	57⅝	57⅝
July	58½	59	58¼	58⅝	58⅛
Sept.	59¼	59¼	59	59¼	59¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	37½	37½
May	38	38	....	38	38
July	37½	37½	36¾	37	37¼
Sept.	36¼	36¼	....	35¾	36
Clover Seed—					
Cash	13.25	13.40	13.25	13.40	13.30
April	13.20	13.30	13.20	13.30	13.15
Oct.	7.50	7.55	7.50	7.55	7.50
Dec.	7.50	7.50	7.50	7.50	7.45
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	64	64
No. 3	....	....	....	....	61
Alsike—					
Cash	....	....	....	13.10	13.00
Timothy—					
Cash	1.70	....	....	1.70	1.70
April	1.70	....	....	1.70	1.70
May	1.70	....	....	1.70	1.70
Sept.	1.92½	....	....	1.92½	1.92½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	93¾	93¾	92¼	92¾	92⅛
July	91⅝	91⅞	91⅜	91⅝	91⅝
Sept.	90¼	90¾	90¼	90¼	90¼
Corn—					
May	56¾	56¾	55⅝	56¼	56¼
July	56⅝	56⅝	56	56¼	56⅜
Sept.	57⅝	57⅝	56⅞	57¼	57⅝
Oats—					
May	35¼	35¼	35⅛	35	35¼
July	34⅜	35¼	34⅝	34⅝	34⅞
Sept.	34⅜	34¼	34¼	34⅜	34⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	99½	1.00	99½	1.00	99⅝
July	98⅞	99	98⅝	98¾	98¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	92	92½	91⅝	92¼	92
July	89¼	89⅝	88¾	89⅝	88⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	88⅞
July	....	....	....	....	90⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	89	89½	89	89½	89
July	91	....	....	91	91

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	19.90	19.95	19.80	19.82	20.00
July	20.10	20.15	19.97	19.97	20.15
Sept.	19.82	19.92	19.75	19.80	19.95
Lard—					
May	11.20	11.25	11.12	11.15	11.22
July	11.10	11.12	11.05	11.05	11.12
Sept.	11.12	11.12	11.05	11.05	11.12
Ribs—					
May	11.42	....	....	11.37	11.47
July	11.22	11.22	11.20	11.20	11.26
Sept.	11.05	11.05	10.95	10.95	11.05

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, April 21.—Butter steady; creameries, 27@34c. Eggs steady; receipts, 26,367 cases; at mark, cases included, 17¾@18c; ordinary firsts, 16½@16¾c; firsts, 17½@17¾c. Potatoes lower; receipts, 10 cars. Michigan, 35@40c; Minnesota, 36@40c; Wisconsin, 32@43c. Poultry higher; live chickens, 16c; live springs, 16c.

New York Produce.

New York, April 21.—Flour quiet but steady; spring patents, $4.45@4.65; winter straights, $4.45@4.55; winter patents, $4.70@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.80@4.10; extra No. 2 winter, $3.50@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.10@4.20. Rye flour steady; fair to good, $3.50@3.80; choice to fancy, $3.85@3.95. Wheat—With bearish domestic crop news offset by the firmness abroad, wheat ruled slightly higher early, with a moderate trade; July, 88 15-16@89c. Beef steady; mess, $19.00@20.00; family, 23.00@24. Lard firm; middle west, $11.35@11.45. Sugar steady; Muscavado, 2.86@2.89c; centrifugal, 3.36@3.39c; molasses, 2.61@2.64c. Refined steady; crushed, 5.05c; fine granulated, 4.85c; powdered, 4.45c. Petroleum steady; refined New York bulk, $4.80; barrels, $8.50; cases, 10.80. Molasses steady; New Orleans open kettle, 35@55c. Hay quiet; No. 1, $1.05; No. 2, 90@95c; No. 3, 80@85c. Hides steady; Bogota, 28½@29½c; Central America, 28½c. Leather steady; hemlock firsts, 25@29c; seconds, 27@28c. Butter firm; receipts, 4,023 tubs; creamery, extras, 29½c; firsts, 35½ 36c; seconds, 34½@35c; thirds, 33@34c; state dairy, finest, 35½@36c; good to prime, 35@35c; common to fair, 29@32c; process, extras, 32½c; firsts, 30½@31½c; seconds, 27@28c; imitation creamery, firsts, 30@31c; factory, current make, firsts, 28½@29c; seconds, 27@28c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 25½@26c; No. 3, 24@24½c.

Cheese, steady; receipts 699 boxes; state, whole milk, held, colored, specials, 16¾@17¼c; do, white, specials, 16¾@17c; do, held, white or colored, average fancy, 16@16¼c; do, held, lower grades, 12@15½c; state, whole milk, fresh, white or colored, specials, 12¾@13c; do, fresh, white or colored, average, fancy, 12¼c; do, fresh, under grades, 11½@12c; state, whole milk, daisies, held, best 16@17c; Wisconsin, whole milk, twins, held, 14@16c; skims, 1@13c. Eggs, irregular; receipts 23,141 cases; fresh gathered, extras, 21c; fresh gathered, storage packed, firsts, 19½@20½c; fresh gathered, regular packed, northerly, 18@19c; so southerly, 18@18½c; fresh gathered, seconds, 17½@18c; thirds, 16½@17c; fresh gathered, dirties, No. 1, 16½@17c; do, No. 2, 15@15½c; fresh gathered, checks, 14@16c; state, Penna. and nearby hennery whites, good to large size, new laid, 22@23c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, whites, defective in size and color, 20@21½c; western gathered, whites, 20@21½c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 21c; do, gathered, browns and mixed colors, 19@20c. Live poultry, uncertain; western chickens, 18c; fowls, 18c; turkeys, 15c; dressed, firm; fresh killed western fowls, 10½@19c; frozen turkeys, 19@25c.

Cotton.

New York, April 21.—Cotton futures opened barely steady; April offered 11.70c; May, 11.64c; June, 11.61c bid; July, 11.60c; August, 11.47c; September, 11.27c; October, 11.24c; November offered 11.27c; December, 11.26c; January, 11.23c; March, 11.25c bid.

The cotton market opened barely steady at a decline of 2 to 4 points, which made new low ground for the movement on all positions. There were heavy over-Sunday selling orders around the ring, and selling was encouraged by somewhat disappointing cables, favorable weather in the south, bearish crop advices from the southwest and apprehensions of further May liquidation. Offerings, however, were well absorbed around the initial prices with Liverpool, spot interests and old shorts buying, while there appeared to be considerable demand for the new crop months. The market steadied in consequence and rallied 2 or 3 points from the lowest during the early trading.

The rally from the opening decline carried prices 3 to 6 points higher during the middle of the morning, but the western belt forecast for showers in Oklahoma and Texas were considered favorable and the market at midday was unsettled under renewed pressure with prices back to within a point or two of the opening figures. Spot, quiet; middling uplands 12.15c nominal. Estimated receipts at all the ports today 12,000 bales, against 12,310 last week, and 15,850 last year. For the week, 110,000, against 108,384 last week, and 119,733 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans 2,367, against 3,325 last year; at Galveston, 5,445, against 4,916 last year, and at Houston 5,275, against 641 last year.

The market turned steadier after having shown a net loss of 3 to 5 points during the early afternoon and rallied 4 or 5 points from the lowest on covering of shorts. Cotton futures closed very steady. Closing bids: April, 11.67c; May, 11.67c; June, 11.70c; July, 1.69c; August, 11.52c; September, 11.34c; October, 11.30c; December, 11.34c; January, 11.29c; March, 11.34c. Spot closed quiet; middling uplands, 12.15c; middling gulf, 12.40c. Sales, 100 bales.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 21.—Hogs—Receipts, 42,000; market steady; bulk of sales, $9.05@9.20; light, $8.95@9.25; mixed, $8.90@9.25; heavy, $8.70@9.20; rough, $8.70@8.75; pigs, $9.00@9.10. Cattle—Receipts, 19,000; market steady; beeves, $7.25@9.25; Texas steers, $6.75@7.90; stockers and feeders, $6.10@8.10; cows and heifers, $3.90@8.40; calves, $6.50@8.50. Sheep—Receipts, 22,000; market steady; native, $6.00@7.15; yearlings, $6.50@7.85; lambs, native, $6.60@8.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, April 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 400; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 400; market steady; good to choice, $8.50@9.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 3,000; lambs, strong; sheep, steady; choice clipped lambs, $8.00@8.25; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common, $4.00@5.00; choice clipped wethers, $6.25@6.50; fair to good, $6.00@6.25; choice ewes, $5.75@6.00; culls and common, $3.50@4.50. Hogs—Receipts, 2,800; market steady; heavies, $9.10; mediums, Yorkers and light Yorkers, $9.40; pigs, $9.25; roughs, $8.25; stags, $7.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000; steady; choice heavy steers, $8.40@8.90; handy fat steers, $8.00@8.50; fair steers, $5.65@6.90; choice heifers, $8.00@8.75; choice fat cows, $5.80@6.50; fair cows, $4.40@4.50; butcher bulls, $6.40@6.75; milch cows, $50.00@85.00. Hogs—Receipts, 7,500; steady; prime heavies, $9.25; heavy mixed, $9.30; mediums, $9.40; heavy Yorkers, $9.40@9.45; light Yorkers and pigs, $9.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000; steady; prime wethers, $6.35; choice lambs, $8.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; higher; good to choice, $9.75.

MISSISSIPPI LEVEES HOLD

In Better Condition to Withstand Flood Than Ever.

New Orleans, April 1.—Admitting that the volume of the water coming down the Mississippi river was greater than ever before, T. McD. Townsend, president of the Mississippi river commission, last night declared the levees are in better condition to care for the flood than they have ever been. Mr. Townsend, who is accompanied by General W. H. Bixby, chief of U. S. engineers, and members of the commission, predicts a stage of more than 21 feet.

Ask This Man to Read Your Life.

His Wonderful Power to Read Human Lives at any distance amazes all who write to him.

Thousands of people in all walks of life have benefited by this man's advice. He tells you what you are capable of, and how you can be successful. He mentions your friends and enemies, and describes the good and bad periods in your life.

His Descriptions as to past, present and future events will astonish and help you. All he wants is your name (written by yourself), your birth date and sex to guide him in his work. Money not necessary. Mention the name of this paper and get a Trial Reading free.

Herr Paul Stahmann, an experienced Astrologer, of Ober Niewsadern, Germany, says:

"The Horoscope which Professor Roxroy worked out for me is quite according to the truth. It is a very clever and conscientious piece of work. As an Astrologer myself I carefully examined his Planetary calculations and indications, and proved that his work in every detail is perfect, and that he is up-to-date in his science."

Baroness Blaquart, one of the most talented ladies of Paris, says:

"I thank you for my Complete Life Reading, which is really of extraordinary accuracy. I had already consulted several Astrologers, but never before have I been answered with so much truth, or received such complete satisfaction. With sincere pleasure I will recommend you and make your marvellous science known to my friends and acquaintances."

If you want to take advantage of this special offer and obtain a review of your life, simply send your full name, address, the date, month, year and place of your birth (all clearly written), state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"Your advice is useful.
So thousands say.
I wish success and happiness;
Will you show me the way?"

If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage and clerical work. Send your letter to ROXROY, Dept. 1,115-C, No. 177a Kensington High Street, London, W., England. Do not enclose coins in your letter. Postage on letters to England two cents.

STEAL DYNAMITE

Prisoners in California Scare Officials.

San Rafael, Cal., April 18.—San Quentin penitentiary officials were startled yesterday by the discovery that 100 sticks of dynamite, 200 feet of fuse and about 600 fulminating caps have disappeared from the prison quarry magazine located just outside the big stone walls.

It is believed the explosion materials were stolen by prisoners. A quantity of nitroglycerin was found hidden about a half mile from the prison, where a chain gang had been working.

FILMS TO IDENTIFY CROOKS

New York Will Take Motion Pictures of Persons Arrested.

New York, April 16.—Identification of criminals by means of motion pictures is to be tried by the New York police department. Five feet of film, it is said, will be sufficient to record characteristics and peculiarities in movement and carriage of criminals.

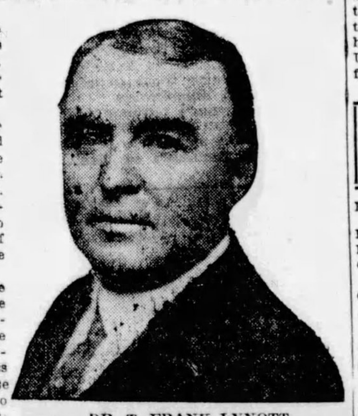
I Will Stake This Medicine Against Your Time

A Few Days Will Be Sufficient to Prove You Are Curable

A few minutes of your time for a few days and I will demonstrate to you, without expense to yourself, that I have a medicine that drives Uric Acid poison from the system and by so doing cures kidney trouble, bladder trouble and rheumatism. I don't ask you to take my word for it but simply want you to let me send you some of this medicine so that you can use it personally.

I am trying to convince sufferers from these diseases that I have something far better than the usual run of remedies, treatments and such things, and the only way I can demonstrate that fact is to go to the expense of compounding the medicine and sending it out free of charge. This I am glad to do for any sufferer who will take the time to write me. Understand, I will not send you a so-called "sample, proof or test treatment," nor will I send you a package of medicine and say that you can use some of it and pay for the rest, but I will send you a supply free of charge and you will not be asked to pay for this gift nor will you be under any obligations.

All I want to know is that you have a disease for which my medicine is intended, as it is not a "cure-all," and I give herewith some of the leading symptoms of kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles. If you notice one or more of these symptoms you need this medicine, and I will be glad to send you some of it if you will write me the numbers of the symptoms you have, give your age, and your name and address. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 9020 Deagan Building, Chicago, Ill. You promise me nothing; you pay me nothing for it. All I ask, so there shall be no mistake, is that you send me the numbers of your symptoms or a description in your own words, and that you take the medicine according to the directions I send you. It is my way of getting publicity for my medicine so that it will become widely known.



DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT
who will send medicine to any one free of charge.

You will agree when you have used it that it dissolves and drives out uric acid poison. It tones the kidneys so that they work in harmony with the bladder. It strengthens the bladder so that frequent desire to urinate and other urinary disorders are banished. It stops rheumatic aches and pains immediately. It dissolves uric acid crystals so that back and muscles no longer ache and crooked joints quickly straighten out. It reconstructs the blood and nerves so that you soon feel healthier and more vigorous, sleep better and eat better and have energy throughout the day. It does all this, and yet contains nothing injurious and is absolutely vouched for according to law.

Sufferers from these dreadful and dangerous diseases can surely afford to spend a few minutes a day for a few days to demonstrate to their own satisfaction if they are curable, especially when you consider no expense is involved, and I willingly give you my time and my medicine. All any fair-minded afflicted person wants to know is if a certain thing will cure HIM or HER, and here is an opportunity to find out without cost, obligation or important loss of time. THESE FEW DAYS may be the turning point in your life.

These Are the Symptoms:

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Pain or soreness under right rib.
9—Swelling in any part of the body.
10—Constipation or liver trouble.
11—Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

All who are interested enough to write me for the free medicine will also receive a copy of my large illustrated medical book which describes these diseases thoroughly. It is the largest book of the kind ever written for free distribution, and a new edition is just being printed. I will also write you a letter of diagnosis and medical advice that should be of great help to you; but in order to do this I must know that you need my medicine. Write me the numbers of the symptoms that trouble you, and your age, and I will promptly carry out my promises. Show an inclination to be cured and you will be.

Book for Men, Free

8,000 Words, 30 Illustrations

TO MY READERS:

Of the little illustrated advice book described below, which I gladly send free to all men who fill in the coupon, I beg to say that it represents the very BEST information of a private nature which I am able to offer you as a result of over 30 years' observation and study of my subject, during which time I have personally interviewed many thousands of men, young and elderly, single and married

CLARK AND BRYAN ARE AT PEACE

Speaker and Secretary of State Make Public Statements.

Washington, April 19.—Speaker Champ Clark and Secretary William Jennings Bryan met at a privae luncheon here yesterday, shook hands and issued public statement declaring they had buried the hatchet and put the personalities of the Baltimore convention with the bygones. The luncheon was arranged by Theodore A. Bell, of California, temporary chairman of the Denver convention in 1908, and chairman of the California delegation supporting Speaker Clark at Baltimore, and was given by Ira E. Bennett, editor of the Washington Post.

By William J. Bryan.

"My meeting with Mr. Bryan has served to clear up a misunderstanding as to my exact position toward him at the Baltimore convention. I have tried to make it clear to Mr. Clark that I have always regarded and do now regard him as a good clean progresive Democrat.

"If my language at Baltimore created any impression that I was charging Mr. Clark with being in sympathy with any reactionary forces I am glad of the opportunity to correct any such misconstruction of my words or acts—for I did not intent to reflect upon either the personal or political integrity of the speaker.

"It is my earnest wish that there may be cordial co-operation betwen the state department and the speaker in carrying out the policies of the administration."

By Champ Clark.

"It is beyond the power of Colonel Bryan or any one else to corect the injustice that was done me at Baltimore. The loss of the pesidential nomination was a small thing as compared to the injury done to my reputation in the eyes of the world.

"But now that Colonel Bryan in his public statement has done what he can to remove the injurious impressions that were created by his Baltimore speeches, I feel that we can all the better co-operate for the good of the administration.

"I can only repeat what I have publicly declared time and time again, that all personal or selfish considerations must give way to the duty that all Democrats owe to our party and to our country.

NO "PORT" AND "STARBOARD"

Washington, April 16.—Two bits of sea talk dear to the hearts of all old "salts" were consigned to Davy Jones' locker in an order issued by Secretary Daniels abolishing the designations "port" and starboard" and replacing them with "right" and "left," in the everyday parlance of "landlubbers." The change was indorsed by the naval general board.

Ohio Liquor License Law Summarized

The state license commission of three members at $5,000 each is to be appointed by the governor and take office on the first Monday in August next. The members' terms are six years each.

The two local commissioners are appointed by the state commission for four years, taking office on the second Wednesday in August next. The maximum salary is $5,000 a year, fixed by the state commission.

Applications for license must be filed between September 1 and 15.

The license year begins the fourth Monday in November next.

After two years no saloon can be located within 300 feet of a school house or 200 feet of the nearest point of a school grounds, on the street on which the school fronts. This does not apply to hotel bars or clubs. In cities it does not apply to saloons in the business section.

There can be no more than one saloon for each 500 inhabitants.

By vote the people may further limit the number of saloons.

No licensing official can take part in a wet and dry election, except to vote.

Licenses are granted or refused by the local commission.

License shall not be granted to a person who is not a citizen of the United States, or who is not of good moral character; to a minor; to a person of unsound mind; to a person who has not lived in the state for a year.

A licensee can be interested in only one saloon.

The applicant or applicants must be the only ones financially interested in the saloon for which the license is granted This is supposed to eliminate the brewery-owned saloon.

Wholesalers are prohibited from selling in less than two-gallon lots.

Any citizen may protest against the granting of a license, and may apply to have a license revoked.

Persons who were in business before the first Monday in May, 1912, and their successors, are to be given preference when the number of applications exceeds the limit of saloons.

Licensees must pay a $5 application fee, $100 registration fee, and $1,000 license fee.

The applicant or licensee may appeal to the state board from final decisions of the local board.

A second conviction in court for violation of the liquor laws revokes a license and no license shall ever again be granted to the person so convicted.

A saloonkeeper charged with the second offense against the liquor laws is entitled to trial by jury. During appeal the judgment of the lower court is suspended.

If a saloonkeeper has been once convicted during the license year and the local board finds that he has again violated the laws or ordinances, it may suspend his license for 10 days, after hearing.

Sale of liquor without a license is punishable by a fine of from $200 to $500 for the first offense and $500 to $1,000 fine and one to three months in jail for the second offense.

A minor who misrepresents his age to buy liquor may be fined and if he does it a second time he may be sent to jail for 10 to 0 days.

OUR TARIFF BILL PLEASES GERMANS

Makers of Clothing, Flannel, Steel, Paper and Porcelain Will Benefit.

Berlin, April 18.—"The proposed new American tariff law is, in my judgment, the first step toward free trade," says a prominent economist in an interview in the Lokal Anzieger.

This view is not advanced by any other paper, but the German press generally appears to consider the suggested measure an imp rtant departure from the policy of building up special interests by high tariffs.

The most important sections so far as Germany is concerned are those reducing the tariffs on articles of clothing, stockings, flannel, steel manufactures, paper goods, porcelain, and leather. At present it is stated the importation of clothing and flannels is practically impossible on a large basis.

One branch which would benefit greatly by the proposed changes would be manufactured leather goods. Germany now exports specially fine purses, handbags, etc., in considerable amount, and the exports to the United States would undoubtedly rise enormously if duty free.

German economists believe that the proposed reductions in chemicals are insufficient to stimulate German exports in any considerable degree. A reduction of some 20 per cent on medical preparations, they declare, is not enough to enable Germans to win back the lost ground, while the tariff on coal tar products, formerly free, is disappointing. The proposed reduction in sugar, in the Tageblatt's opinion, is not of present importance to Germany, which, under the best conditions, would not be able to enter the American market before 1916. The Tageblatt declares that it will redound to the benefit of Cuban cane sugar, which means benefit for the sugar trust.

Before the Spanish-American war Germany exported sugar valued at $15,000,000 annually to America. Her exportations are now not more than $250,000, and nothing less than free sugar would enable Germany to regain any portion of the lost ground.

The press comments favorably on the reciprocity provisions, which are considered to mark a new era in American tariff policy.

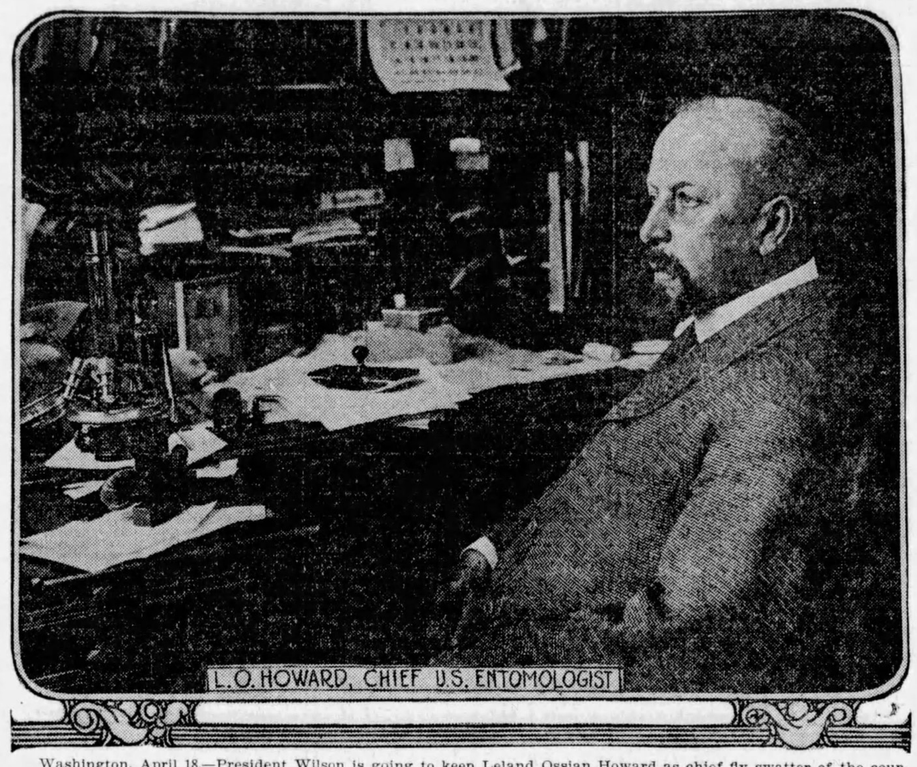
On the whole the new measure is considered to be as favorable to Germany as is consistent with the best interests of American manufacturers and producers.

STEAMER UGANDA SINKS

Crushed by Ice, Goes to Bottom of Lake Michigan.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 22.—The steamer Uganda, grain laden, bound from Milwaukee to Buffalo, sank in Lake Michigan Sunday night, near the straits of Mackinaw, after being crushed in the ice, according to information brought here today by the crew of the Anna C. Minch. The Uganda's crew consisting of 22 persons, was rescued. The Uganda was one one of the largest wooden boats on the lakes.

Chief "Bugologist" of United States Will Be Retained by Wilson to Push Insect War



Washington, April 18.—President Wilson is going to keep Leland Ossian Howard as chief fly swatter of the country. Mr. Howard is the ma who knows more about bugs than any other one expert in the land. He has not only been the head swatter of flies, but he has been first in the war on mosquitoes and on insect pests of all kinds. As chief of the bureau of entomology since 1894 he has waged unrelenting battle upon the billions of the bug world. Despite his efforts it is said that today nearly a billion dollars' worth of damage is done yearly to the crops and trees of the country by pests of all kinds. Mr. Howard has been in the government service since 1878.

$200,000 RELIEF FUND IN INDIANA

Will Be Distributed by Committee Among Six Devastated Cities.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 16.—Ernest P. Bicknell, national director of the American Red Cross, continued his conference with Governor Ralston today relative to the relief work to be done in the flood stricken cities of Indiana and the amount of money to be allotted.

It is probable that 200,000, including the funds raised by the governor and by the Red Cross, will be available in Indiana and that it will be distributed by a committee to be composed of Governor Ralstn, Noble C. Butler, clerk of the federal court for this district and treasurer of the Red Cross in Indiana, and Hugh Dougherty, treasurer of the governor's fund. The work will be under the direct supervision of Mr. Bicknell, who, however, will continue to have his headquarters in Columbus, Ohio. He will make necessary trips to Indiana to supervise the work. Mr. Bicknell said today that Ohio would have a fund of about $1,600,000 and that it would be distributed solely by the Red Cross.

The most of the relief fund in Indiana will go to Peru, Brookville, Logansport, Lawrenceburg, West Indianapolis and Terre Haute.

RICH MEN LURE GIRLS

Names of 41 Girls Given to Los Angeles Grand Jury.

Los Angeles, April 21.—The names of 41 girls, most of them not yet passed 18, were given to the county grand jury when it was asked to investigate white slavery charges in which a number of millionaires are said to have lured girls from home and placed them in a "protected resort." Affidavits of four of these girls already have been obtained and according to the allegations contained in their sworn declarations, the millionaires involved had complete organization. There were cadets in their employment and a well known attorney who, besides being involved in the actual enslaving of the girls, is alleged to have spirited away one of the young women who revealed the alleged facts of the case, after she had been threatened with prosecution for attempted blackmail.

A COURT FOR MORALS

Illinois Would Let Women Be Judges.

Chicago, April 16.—A state morals court, with women as judges, to protect working girls against unprincipled employers will be proposed in a bill to be introduced in the Illinois legislature by the state senate's "welfare commission."

"We have received scores of letters from stenographers and factory girls telling how they had been led astray by the men for whom they worked," said Lieutenant Governor O'Hara. "These letters are not anonymous, and we have a list of more than 200 business and professional men filed away for reference.

"The girl who is wronged by a man of station can do nothing under present conditions. When she goes to court, the publicity injures her more than it does the man, and she is frequently accused of attempting blackmail."

FIFTH GRANDCHILD FOR BRYAN

Secretary of State Receives Congratulations From Many.

Washington, April 16. — Secretary Bryan is receiving congratulations upon the birth of his fifth grandchild, Reginald Bryan Owen, at Elphan, Kent, England, son of Lieutenant Reginald Owen, of the Royal Engineers, and Mrs. Owen, formerly Ruth Bryan.

BALKAN ARMISTICE IS SIGNED

Constantinople, April 21.—Delegates representing Turkey and all the Balkan allies with the exception of Montenegro signed an armistice Saturday at Bulair.

EDITOR IS ACQUITTED

Col. Nelson Is Found Not Guilty of Malice.

Jefferson City, Mo., April 19.—William R. Nelson, editor and owner of the Kansas City Star, was found not guilty of malice in the publication of the article for which he was adjudged guilty of contempt of court and sentenced to a day in jail last February by Circuit Judge Joseph A. Guthrie. The article itself was "substantially true" and "unless in the court's opinion that article in itself is contemptuous," the petitioner should be discharged.

These were the findings reported to the Missouri supreme court today by its commissioner in the case, Charles C. Crow, of Kansas City.

The article complained of stated that Judge Guthrie had refused to dismiss the divorce suit of Minnie L. against Claude F. Clevinger until attorneys fees were paid, and that the refusal came after the Clevingers had been reconciled and had asked the dismissal of the case.

"Your commissioner finds," says the report, "from the evidence submitted and considered, that the article referred to was substantially true, and as nearly a correct report of court proceedings as could be expected from a layman and the experience of your commissioner has been that many lawyers would have made as many errors as appear in this article.

"The author of this article complained of, Mr. Murphy, was a layman, and moreover even had he been learned in the law he would have been of the opinion that the order in the Clevinger case was unusual in that it imposed conditions upon the right of the plaintiff to dismiss a suit for divorce.

The supreme court today set May 1 for the hearing of Mr. Nelson's case by the court en banc. The case was carried to the supreme court by Mr. Nelson on appeal from Judge Guthrie's decision.

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY

In the Mt. Airy Addition to Washington, D. C., 12 miles from the Capitol Building, excellent building lots can be secured for $33.33 each for a short time only. Lots are 50 by 125 feet deep. Selling at this remarkably low price because the land was bought cheap to close out an estate. For information address N. M. Callaway, 612 Times Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Three of these lots can be secured on easy terms on monthly installments. Title guaranteed.

NEW "SPIRIT TRAP" WILL WEIGH DEAD "MAN-FORCE"

Paris, April 19.—News which has just reached Paris of the extraordinary researches into the nature of disembodied spirits, made by two Dutch doctors, has caused a deep sensation among spiritist circles and the general public.

The men who have conducted the investigation, whose names are Drs. Malta and Zaalberg Van Zeist, have constructed an appratus whereby they claim they are able to measure the density and volume of the weight of a man after death, which they term "man-force." The instrument, the details of which were revealed to them in the course of a series of seances, is called a "dynamistograph," or force register, but is more popularly known among the public here as a spirit trap.

It consists of a large upright cardboard cylinder, impervious to air and closed at each end, with a tin disk, the whole being attached to an extremely sensitive weighing apparatus. The spirits declare they can enter this cylinder sidewise through the cardboard walls, but are prevented from rising or sinking through the metal disks, and are thus confined for the time being.

After a long series of experiments the two doctors announce that the "man-force," or disembodied spirit, has a density equal to that of air, a volume of 52 liters, and in average weight of 67 grams.

They also declare that the "man-force" is charged with electricity and is composed of a hitherto undetected gas. It is not eternal, they state, but lasts usually about 100 years after death, ultimately decomposing gradually.

Acting under the close supervision of a disembodied person, one of the investigators has modeled in clay a figure of a "man-force" as it would appear if visible. The figure is of very uncanny appearance and consists merely of a head, shoulders and breast, terminating in a point like a balloon. The head is hairless and has no ears, while the other features have the vague appearance presented by a snow man during a sharp thaw.

LOOKS LIKE ALL SUMMER SESSION

Congress Abandons Hope of Early Adjournment on Tariff.

Washington, April 16.—Hope vanished today that the special session of congress would finish tariff legislation and adojurn within a reasonable time. That the session will drag all through the summer and well into September now seems a foregone conclusion.

Senators today began serving notices as to the course they planned to follow in the tariff discussion. Senator LaFollette says he will want a solid week to present his views. Senator Cummins of Iowa says he will want at least that much time. Today he proposed a change in the senate rules that will have a tendency to prolong the session by weeks.

Senators Bristow and Borah are other senators who have served notice of a purpose to make extended tariff arguments. Allotting each of the 96 senators even as little as one day in which to fill the record with explanations of their attitude on the pending bill, the session will drag along considerably more than three months after the senate gets the measure.

Must All Consent.

The senate in this congress, as in the past, will work under the unanimous consent rule. This means that so long as one of the 96 senators has an objection, a date for a vote on the bill cannot be arranged.

After a full week of deliberation the house caucus is less than half way through the proposed measure, with wool and cotton, the two most hotly disputed schedules, still to be considered. In addition, there is the income tax rider which will furnish material for prolonged debate. Practically every one of the 435 house members has signified his intention of explaining his vote by a speech to be carried in the Congressional record.

Wool Men Face Defeat.

Realizing that they are facing defeat in the Democratic caucus, the wool Democrats are organizing for a final stand when the bill comes up in the house for passage. It was claimed today by the Ohio members who are leading the insurrection that 'at least 100 house Democrats will vote with the Republicans for a 15 per cent. duty." This claim is ridiculed by Representative Underwood. The active members among the insurgents held a meeting last night to organize for the fight on the floor for a duty on wool.

Ohio members again were in the limelight in the caucus, when the majority favoring the administration bill resisted assaults aimed at the agricultural schedule. Representative Bathrick of Akron, in a speech, broke completely with the house organization.

Final action upon a currency reform bill at the present session of congress is not considered probable by members of the senate committee on banking and currency.

HURL BOMB AT CLUB

Enemies of Tammany Use Explosive.

New York, April 21. — A bomb throwing which nearly wrecked the four-story building of the Pocassett Club, a Tammany organization, early today, is charged by the police against unknown political eremies of Nicholas J. Hayes, for 20 years the Tammany leader of the 28th assembly district.

Hayes, a former sheriff, is president of the Pocassett Club, which is located at 116th street in the heart of "Little Italy" of the upper east side.

The bomb, heavily charged with dynamite and tightly wound with wire, was thrown into a basement hallway where it exploded with such force that every window in that and some adjoining buildings were broken, part of one floor torn up, and the plaster of all four ceilings of the club house shaken down.

The only persons in the place at the time were four men playing cards and a steward, none of whom were more than slightly injured. The thickly settled neighborhood, however, was roused almost to a state of panic. The perpetrator of the outrage escaped without leaving any clues.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

MALE HELP WANTED.

Be a Detective— Earn $150 to $300 per month; travel over world. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. T-14, Chicago.

Detectives; operate own locality; experience unnecessary, stamp for particulars. Sturgill Detective Agency, Norton, Va.

Boys Earn a Watch. Sell 20 cards of jewelry, 10c each; no money required. Write today. Box 8, Scenery Hill, Pa.

HELP WANTED.

Big money writing songs.—We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful writers. Experience unnecessary. Song poems wanted with or without music—will pay one-half of profits if successful. Send us your work today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Largest concern in the country. Free particulars. Dugdale Co., Dept. 209, Washington, D. C.

Government positions open to men and women. $90.00 month. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "lay offs." Parcels post means thousands of postal appointments. "Pull" unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Write immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-31, Rochester, N. Y.

Song Poems wanted. I've paid thousands in royalties. Send your poems or melodies for acceptance. Will pay you 50 per cent royalty. Established 16 years. Free booklet. John T. Hall, 107 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y.

Boys' gold plated watch or rifle 31 in. long; girls' bracelet or locket, gold plated, given for placing packets of seeds with friends; outfit free. Write Penn Seed Co., D-B, Etters, Pa.

AGENTS.

AGENTS sell rich looking $6 by 08 Imported Rugs, $1.00 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer, selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid by parcel post, 98c. O. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Sell the great flood book of the National Calamity, 100% profit. Prompt delivery. Send 10 cents for Prospectus and Instructions. C. E. Comer, Mgr., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—$7 daily selling our family needle cases, 115 assorted needles and particulars, 10c. Cortland Co., 446-A, Spruce St., Clearfield, Pa.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling Guar-anteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York City.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES make supporters; $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wisconsin Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Distribute free pkgs. perf. borax soap powd. Big money. P. Ward & Co., 218 Institute, Chicago.

A rare opportunity to make a comfortable living at home, sewing plain seams, all home work, no canvassing; state time can sew. No triflers. Send ten cents for samples, postage, etc., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewing Company, Jobbers Sewing Dept. 42 C. Rehoboth, Delaware.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE—Investing For Profit Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely Free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the Real Earning Power of your money. This magazine six months Free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 407-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SPORTING GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books, etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

Tobacco Habit: Pay When Cured. Quick, harmless, pleasant. Send no money, but your name today. J. Edward Cook, Desk W, Wichita, Kansas

FOR SALE—FARMS.

For Sale—Beautiful stock farm, 1 mile to cream-ery and town. Good house, 2 good barns, silo, level main road, heavy land, nearly all seeded; bargain. E. Downing, Paw Paw, Mich.

New Jersey profitable Garden State Farms, near Philadelphia, Trenton and New York. Send for catalogue. A. W. Dresser, Burlington, N. J.

40 acres, 10 cleared, balance timber, pasture, house, barn, chicken house, $650, easy terms. Tom O. Mason, Cumberland, Wis.

POST CARDS.

12 Fine Colored View Post Cards for 5c in stamps. New Jersey Post Card Co., 631 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

BOOKS.

Song book for a 2c stamp. B. Antlers, 332 Royal St., New Orleans, La.

FINDS VESSEL LOST 18 YEARS

Diver Discovers Hulk of Tin Laden Sadie Caller.

Tacoma, Wash., April 18. — The schooner Sadie F. Caller, lost at sea 18 years ago, has been called back from the port of missing ships. Walter McCary, of this city, a submarine diver, "stumbled" upon the evessel in 60 feet of water near Chignik Lagoon, Alaska, recently, and is preparing to take out of the wreck nearly $50,000 in tin bullion with which she is laden. He is on his way back to Alaska today to salvage the wreck of the Caller.

McCary was placing a fish trap when he found the wreck. Scraping away the weeds and barnacles, he uncovered her name board. Investigation showed the schooner had cleared from San Francisco 18 years ago, and foundered off the Alaskan coast at a point far from her present resting place. McCary reached an agreement with the owners and consignees under which he will get 50 per cent of the salvage.

BELGIAN STRIKE IS SETTLED

Kept Country's Commerce and Industry at Standstill for 10 Days.

Brussels, April 22.—The political strike in Belgium, after keeping at a standstill the country's industry and commerce for 10 days, was today brought to a conclusion favorable to the workmen, nearly half a million of whom laid down their tools to enforce their demand for equal suffrage.

The leaders of the Socialists trades unions and their followers gained their chief point, which was to make the government take up for consideration a charge of the Belgian parliamentary franchise with its hated system of plural votes for the wealthier and more educated classes.

At the last returns 993,070 men possessed one vote, 395,886 two votes, and 308,683 three votes, so that the single votes were always overwhelmed.

This is the first occasion on record in which a political strike has resulted in victory for the strikers, and the whole movement has been notable for the energy and determination displayed and for the excellent control shown by the men.

They have not yet obtained their full demands, but the Socialist leaders express confidence that the consideration of their claims will result in the franchise being made equal for all.

BOY SAYS HE KILLED 3

Elgin Youth Confesses Murder of Woman and Babes.

Chicago, April 21.—Herman Coppes, 17 years old, has confessed having murdered Mrs. Maude Sleep, wife of a farmer near Elgin, 25 miles from here, and her two children.

Then in the presence of 1,000 persons, he re-enacted the killing and appeared to think it all a huge joke. He laughed and chuckled with glee as he pointed a pistol and swung an ax, the same weapons he had used in the actual killing. The boy is now under a formal charge of murder in the jail in Elgin.

Mrs. Sleep, who was the wife of Emanuel Sleep, disappeared with her two children 10 days ago and the bodies were found Friday night in a cistern under the house. It was at first thought that the woman had killed the children and then herself. Coppes, in his confession, made in the presence of a score of policemen and citizens, gave full details of the killing.

Ten days ago, while Mr. Sleep was absent, Mrs. Sleep asked the boy to do certain chores. He refused. She scolded him and the murder followed. Here is the way the boy tells his story:

"When Mrs. Sleep scolded me I got mad and, taking a revolver I had in my pocket, shot her five times, the bullets hitting her in the body. She fell dead on the kitchen floor. Her two little children began screaming. I took an ax and struck them over the head. When I saw all three were dead I opened the cistern and threw them in."

FOR SALE—FARMS.

50 Acres, $2300

Stock and Tools Included.

A cash payment of $1,000 will give you immediate possession of this money-making farm with its complete equipment: 35 acres under cultivation, 10 acres spring-watered pasture, 5 acres timber, 150 young bearing peach trees, other fruit; on public road, short distance to enterprising village, R. R. station, etc.; comfortable house, big barn, never-failing water; owner has other business, if taken now two horses, two cows, two calves, 50 chickens, brood sow, 10 pigs, wagons, machinery, tools thrown in; everything goes for $2,300 on easy terms. Full details and traveling directions to see this and other farms within easy reach of Pittsburg, page 10, "Strout's Farm Catalogue 26," just out, write today for free copy. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 105, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. **Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.**

HOW TO RAISE CANARIES, 10c STAMPS OR COIN. Simple, Interesting, Easier and More Profitable than Poultry. Our new book tells all. **E. CLARK,** 100 5th Ave., New York City.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. My free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write today—NOW. **EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.**

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c, 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 6090, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

BILLY SUNDAY BREAKS DOWN

Confined to His Home at Winona, Postpones Engagement.

South Bend, Ind., April 16.—As a result of nervous breakdown suffered following his strenuous campaign in Wilkes Barre, Pa., Rev. "Billy" Sunday, the baseball evangelist, is confined to his home at Winona, Ind. The date for the opening of the local series of meetings has been postponed one week, which will be April 27, and the executive committee is of the opinion the opening may be delayed still longer.

Mr. Sunday is not in a serious condition, although members of his family are inclined to view his illness with no little concern. He has been engaged for years in the strenuous revivals, and so far as is known, this is his first breakdown of any consequence.

BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE
BOYS! Here is your chance to get a fine baseball outfit, consisting of complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well sewed, or combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector. Will Not Cost One Cent. Send your name and we will send you 8 set of our fine pictures to dispose of at 25 cents each. Send us the $2 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. WRITE TODAY for pictures. No harm done. Take back what you can't sell.
M. O. Seitz, M52 Chicago

"RANGER" BICYCLES
Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes and Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed for 5 years.
FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S. without a cent in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write today.
TIRES Coaster-Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. A-64 CHICAGO

IT'S A WINNER
We've got something up our sleeve for you—something never heard of before. Something for Paragon Agents that's a wonder. It will just knock everybody cold when they hear about it.
It's a Winner
We're just about ready to spring it. We can't tell about it here. Everybody would grab it if we did. But we'll tell you all about it if you want to be our agent.
IT'S A WINNER!
Do you want to know what we've got for agents this season? Then simply send us a postal card.
Paragon Tailoring Co., Dept. 428 CHICAGO

No Other Like It In the World!
GENUINE DURHAM
Smoking Tobacco
IN the West, as in any other part of the world, grand old "Bull" Durham is the favorite with the millions of men who know good tobacco.
You'll never find a cowboy without "the makings." That old muslin sack is a part of every soldier's equipment. The familiar round tag hangs from the blouse pockets of all of Uncle Sam's Jack Tars. And in the officers' mess on every battleship and at every military post you'll find an open sack of "Bull" Durham, inviting everyone to help himself to the tobacco that brings life-long enjoyment and satisfaction to more millions of men than all the other high-grade smoking tobaccos combined!
GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO
(Forty "rollings" in each 5-cent muslin sack)
"Bull" Durham has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for three generations! It is the same today as it was 53 years ago—just pure, good, honest tobacco with the natural tobacco fragrance—rich, mellow and satisfying—unspoiled by "processes" or doctoring of any kind.
"Bull" Durham never was and never will be packed in costly painted tins, and is not sold with 'premiums." "Bull" Durham smokers don't have to be coaxed or bribed to smoke this grand old tobacco. They know that the smoker has to pay for tins and "premiums"—but he can't smoke them. They are proud of the plain, handy old muslin sack that "Bull" Durham comes in, because they know that the quality is all in the tobacco—where it belongs!
Get a 5-cent muslin sack at the nearest dealer's today, and pack some in your pipe or roll a cigarette. Then you'll understand why over 352,000,000 of these sacks were handed over the tobacco counters of the world last year alone!
A book of "papers" FREE with each 5-cent muslin sack.
SMOKING TOBACCO
Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.